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N, M. D, L. L. D., ETC.
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JAMES RANDALL.
SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 27, 1848.
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ENZO NORTON, Justice.
Y THAT CURES
ORTLAND, Me., Jan. 10, 1847.
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TORAL, which has cured me,
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J. D. PHELPS.
the judgment of the wise, who
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CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

VOL. XXIX. "LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE." NO. 38

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1850. WHOLE NO. 1519.

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J. H. MORISON, E. PEABODY, A. P. PEABODY, F. D. HUNTINGTON. } EDITORS.

☞ All communications, as well as letters of busines should be addressed to THE PUBLISHER.

[For the Register.]

The AFRICAN REPOSITORY is publishing a series of articles entitled "Sketches of Liberia," by Dr. G. W. Lugenbeel; in the last of which he has given an account of the Fruits of Liberia, that may interest the readers of the Register, both for its descriptions of the natural appearance of some of the most valuable tropical productions, and for the information it conveys respecting the horticultural resources of the "new republic." Perhaps the editors of the *Register* will think it worth being copied. S.

"A great variety of *fruits* is raised in Liberia; many of which are indigenous. The principal fruits are, the orange, lime, lemon, pine-apple, guava, mango, plantain, banana, okra, papaw, cocoanut, tamarind, pomegranate, granadilla, African cherry, African peach, soursop, sweetsop, sorrel, cocoa, rose-apple, and chiota.

The *Orange* tree thrives as well perhaps, and bears as fine fruit in Liberia as in any other part of the world. The tree, when full-grown, is about the size of ordinary apple trees in the United States; but much more handsome. One tree usually bears as many oranges, as an apple tree of the same size bears apples. Although ripe oranges may be procured at any time of the year; yet, there are two seasons, at which they are more plentiful, than at other times. One season is about the middle of the year, and the other about the close of the year. It is not uncommon to see blossoms, buds, young fruit, and full grown fruit, on the same tree, at the same time; so that while some of the oranges are ripening, others are being produced. In the town of Monrovia, many orange trees may be seen adorning the sides of the streets, as well as in the yards and gardens of the citizens.

Limes and *lemons* are in superabundance, in nearly every settlement in Liberia.

Pine-apples grow wild in the woods, in great abundance; and when allowed to ripen, before being pulled, they are very finely flavored. The apple grows out of the centre of a small stalk, one or two feet high, and it is surrounded by prickly pointed leaves or branches. I have seen thousands of them, in half an hour's walk. They are considerably improved by cultivation in good, rich land. They are not, however, a wholesome fruit, although very palatable; and many persons have made themselves sick by eating them too freely.

Guavas grow very abundantly, on [illegible] in the size of ordinary peach trees. [illegible] sembles the apricot in appearance [illegible] taste. It is not very palatable [illegible] though some persons are [illegible] however, makes the best preserves [illegible] pies, of any fruit with which I am [illegible] The *guava jelly*, which as almost [illegible] garded as a very delicious article, is made from *this* fruit. Though I believe the guava tree is not indigenous to Liberia, yet it grows so luxuriantly, as to become a source of much inconvenience, in some places.

The *Mango* (or mango-plum, as it is usually called in Liberia) also thrives well. It is the product of a handsome tree, about the size of an ordinary apple-tree. The fruit is about the size of an ordinary apple, but oval, or egg-shaped. In taste, it approaches more nearly to the American peach, than any other tropical fruit I ever ate; and I regard it as the best fruit which is raised in Liberia. The mango makes very superior preserves.

The *Plantain* is a beautiful, broad-leafed, tender, fibrous stalk, which grows to the height of from eight to fourteen feet. The leaves, which are the continuation of the fibrous layers of the soft, herbaceous stalk, are generally about six feet long, and from one to three feet broad. The fruit-stem proceeds from the heart of the stalk; and, when full-grown, it is about three feet long, and beautifully curved, extending about two feet beyond the cluster of fruit, and terminating in a singular and beautiful purple bulb, formed of numerous tender layers, which can be easily separated. One stalk produces only one cluster or bunch of fruit; and, when this is removed, by cutting the stem, the stalk dies; but scions spring up from the original root, around the old stalk; and in a few months, these also bear fruit, and then die, giving place to other new stalks. So that, in two or three years from the time of the first planting, the number of stalks and bunches of fruit will be increased six-fold, or more. The venerable parent-stalk, as if loth to leave her rising progeny unsheltered from the sweeping tornado, generally continues to spread her broad leaves over them, until they shall have attained a sufficient size to stand firmly before the destroying blast of the storm-king; and then one by one, the expansive leaves or branches wither, and fall to the ground, leaving the aged, worn-out stalk to be prostrated by the passing breeze. The fruit of the plantain is cylindrical and slightly curved, somewhat tapering towards the end. It is usually from six to nine inches long, and about one inch in diameter. At first, it is of a pale green color; but, when fully ripe, it is yellow. It arrives at maturity in about eight months. Most persons in Liberia eat the bunches before the fruit has ripened; but, it is much better, when it is allowed to ripen before being separated from the stalk. It is usually prepared for the table, by being boiled, baked, or fried; and it is perhaps the most luscious and wholesome vegetable of tropical climates, and one of the most valuable fruits in the vegetable kingdom. It may be produced at any time in the year; and, with a little judicious management, every family may have this excellent and nutritious article, every day in the year.

The *Banana* is so much like the plantain, in every respect, except in the taste, and a slight difference in the appearance of the fruit, that the description of one will answer for both. Indeed, it is difficult to distinguish one from the other, when they are growing. The fruit of the banana is only about half the length of the plantain; and is not so much curved. It is also much softer, when ripe, and is more frequently eaten uncooked; although it may be prepared in the same manner as the plantain. The taste of the plantain very much resembles the taste of apples cooked in the same way; while that of the banana is *sui generis*—unlike any fruit of the United States. The plantain and banana trees are among the most beautiful vegetable growths of tropical climates.

Okra is the fruit of a small tree; ten or twelve feet high. It is a soft, bulby, and very mucilaginous fruit; which, when boiled, forms a thick, semi-fluid, pleasant, and nutricious article of food—an excellent adjuvant to rice. It may be raised easily and abundantly in Liberia.

The *Papaw* is a tall, slender herbaceous tree, of a very rapid growth, sometimes attaining the height of thirty feet. The body of the tree is usually naked to within two or three feet of the top, and is marked with the cicatrices of the fallen leaves, which wither and fall as the tree continues to grow, giving place to others above them. Sometimes, however, there are several branches attached to the upper part of the body of the tree; each of which branches produces a cluster of fruit. The leaves are very large, have long foot-stalks, and are divided into numerous lobes. The fruit is nearly round, of a pale-green color, becoming yellowish as it ripens, and is about the size of the head of a very young infant. One variety of the papaw, however, bears fruit of an elongated shape somewhat like a pear; but considerably larger than the other variety. The fruit of the papaw has a sweetish taste. It is very soft; and when fully ripe, and stewed, it resembles in both appearance and taste the best pumpkins of the United States;—when it is stewed, before it has ripened, and is made into pie, it so much resembles the green-apple pie, in taste as well as appearance, that the most fastidious epicure might be deceived by it; if he did not stop to think that apples do not grow in Liberia.

The *Cocoanut* is perhaps the most beautiful tree of tropical climates. It has long, curved leaves or branches; which hang gracefully from the upper part of the body, which rises sometimes to the height of thirty feet, or more. The fruit grows in clusters near the base of the stalks of the leaves. The cocoanut tree is seldom raised in Liberia, except as an ornament. A few of these stately and beautiful trees may be seen in some of the settlements. From having seen it growing in an obscure place, I presume the cocoanut tree is indigenous in Liberia.

The *Tamarind* is a large, spreading tree, having very small, deep-green leaves. The fruit grows in elongated pods, similar to the butter-bean. Although the tamarind is indigenous, and thrives as well perhaps in Liberia, as in any other part of the world; yet the people do not give any attention to the gathering of the fruit, except for their own use; and, indeed, very few seem to care anything about it. I think, however, it may be made a profitable article of exportation.

The *Pomegranate* is a dense, spiny shrub, ten or twelve feet high. It produces beautiful brilliant large red flowers; and the fruit is about the size of a large apple, and covered with a thick coriaceous rind. It is filled with a multitude of small seeds; and the bulb is slightly acid and astringent. The fruit is seldom cultivated in Liberia; although I presume it will thrive as well as in most other parts of the world.

The *African cherry* (so called in Liberia) is a very peculiar fruit. It is about the size of the ordinary morrello-cherry of the United States; but, in taste, it more resembles the cranberry. The tree is usually about fifteen feet high. The great peculiarity in the growth of this fruit, consists in the manner in which the short stems are attached to the tree—not to the twigs of the branches, but to the body and larger limbs of the tree; the stems of the fruit being about one-third of an inch long. This fruit makes very fine tarts—equal to the cranberry.

The *African peach*, of which there are three varieties, is a large, round, acid fruit—one variety being about twice the size of the largest peaches in the United States. These trees, some of which are very large, grow abundantly in the forests of Liberia. The fruit is used only for making preserves; which, when properly made, are surpassed only by the guava.

The *Sour-sop* is a large, pulpy, acidulous fruit, which grows on a tree about the size of an ordinary apple-tree. The fruit is nearly pear-shaped, and is about as large as an ordinary cantelope. It is covered with a thick, knotty rind. When perfectly ripe, it is a very pleasant fruit; especially when a little sugar is sprinkled over the pulp. It is also very good, when fried in slices; which state it somewhat resembles in taste fried sour apples.

The *Sweet-sop* is a fruit somewhat similar to the sour-sop; but not so acidulous, nor so pleasant to the taste. It is seldom used.

The *Cocoa*, from which chocolate is produced, though not yet extensively cultivated, thrives well in Liberia.

The *Rose-apple* is a small round fruit, which takes its name from the delightful fragrance which it has. It is not very palatable, however; and it is seldom eaten.

The *Granadilla* is a large fruit which grows on a vine. It is about as large as a moderate sized cantelope. No part of the fruit is eaten, except the seeds and the mucilagenous substance by which they are surrounded. These are loosely confined in the centre of the fruit. The taste of this mucilage resembles the American strawberry more than any other fruit with which I am acquainted.

The *Sorrel* is a large shrub, having deep-red blossoms; which are often used for making tarts. It grows freely in Liberia; and it is a very handsome ornament to a yard or garden.

The *Chiota* is the fruit of a vine. It is about as large as an ordinary pear. When properly prepared, by stewing, it affords a wholesome, palatable, and nutritious article of food; and it may be easily raised in Liberia.

The celebrated bread fruit, of the island of Tahiti, which was introduced into the British West India Islands, by order of the government, will grow well in Liberia. But as there are so many other articles of a somewhat similar kind, which are preferable to it, it is seldom used.

I have seen several other indigenous fruits in Liberia; some of which are very palatable; some very fragrant, but not very acceptable to the palate; and others not possessing any good qualities to recommend them. And there are many other kinds of fruits, peculiar to tropical climates, which, no doubt, would thrive well in Liberia; but which have not yet been introduced. I have alluded to those only which I have seen growing there, and of which I have eaten."

[The following just remarks we copy from the Ladies' Wreath, though they are not original there.]

Religion in its Effects on the Intellectual Improvement of Society.

Religion increases the *amount* of knowledge in the community. Much of the information which is diffused abroad, is to be attributed to the influence of religion, directly or indirectly. It is itself a principal part or branch of knowledge. An experimental acquaintance with God and his truths, includes the most of that which needs to be known,—the essence, the soul, the consummation of that which is called scientific knowledge. Science has been defined to be "nothing else than the investigation of the divine perfections and operations, as displayed in the economy of the universe." When God and his works are known, so as to move the affections, and control the conduct, we realize the just application, and attain to the true end of all knowledge. But religion also increases the amount of knowledge, by being its greatest incentive—by furnishing the most powerful stimulus to its acquisition. They who have been enlightened from above, are apt to rejoice in every kind of light and knowledge. The fact, that the mind has been awakened to know itself, and the truth as it is in Jesus—that the springs of its activity have been touched, by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, is itself an earnest of other acquisitions, and shows its appetancy for truth, wherever truth may be found. With the communication of divine, saving light to the mind, there is also ordinarily connected a relish for various information; the study of the works of God is pleasing to the thought; and converts to righteousness, if they were not before given to these pursuits, thus become converts to reading, to information and to knowledge. Besides, there is an intimate relation between the different branches of knowledge; so that an acquaintance with one, if such acquaintance be extensive, involves a comprehension of several others. A knowledge of religion, according to its depth and soundness, is the attendant of a proportionally deep and sound mind. Furthermore, the improvement of the intellect is sought, as a matter of duty and conscience, by all who have just views of their religious obligations; and they who would otherwise bestow little attention on the ways and means of perfecting their intellectual powers, have felt the claims of God, in respect to the general enlargement of their views, by faithful study and observation. Hence it is, that the religions world has supplied its full quota of scholars. It has furnished some of the very highest in the gifts of mind; since the strong incentive afforded by piety has been felt in the very depths of the soul, calling forth its utmost and its unwearied energies. Hence it is, also, that the church of God, in some periods, has included within its pale most of the learning which was possessed in the community. Such an incentive is sufficient—is all, that needs to be applied to awaken the human mind to the highest exertion of its faculties. It is all that was wanted to call into existence the Miltons, the Newtons and the Lockes of a former age, and the Cuviers, Tholucks, and many of the best scholars of the present. If the love of glory, as the supreme motive, has excited the intellectual efforts of others, and raised them to distinction, it is not because it possesses any advantage over the motive now insisted on, but because a better one, as in the case of Athens and Rome, was not known, or has not been heeded.

Religion imparts to the gifts of mind *a desirable moderation and soberness*. It has often been the misfortune of mere intellectual eminence, to become giddy and erratic. Nothing is more common, than for men of genius and erudition to be hurried into the wildest excesses through their studies and speculations. They have, at times, indulged the strangest opinions, and the most unaccountable vagaries, as if mental superiority could be subject to no law. A saving knowledge of God, and his truth, has, more than any thing beside, checked the tendency to disorder and wildness in the ardent mind, which science has enlightened and excited but never could renovate. What might it not have effected, had it been wrought into the moral texture of numbers, who are now known only as men of parts and knowledge! The eccentric genius of Rosseau might have been formed and moulded into beautiful order, had it yielded to the influence of the gospel—some features of which excited his liveliest admiration, and drew forth from his pen a most sublime eulogium. But, rejecting that divine system as a whole, it failed to rectify his perverse heart. An infusion of religious knowledge, would have saved Hume from that foul blot of infamy, which will now stain his name so long as his name shall be known, as being the most unfair and sophistical of reasoners, on subjects involving the highest interests of mankind in both worlds. Had a practical acquaintance with religion been mingled with the stores of erudition, in the mind of Gibbon, the dignified historian would not have been transmuted into the petty and unfounded caviler, or have condescended to retail the nauseous impurities of a diseased imagination. Suppose the eloquent Buffon to have had a taste of the true religion; would that unconscionable vanity have appeared, which led him to seek consolation, in the dying hour, from the consideration that his name would live when "he himself," as it has been well expressed, "was forever blotted out from that creation, which it had been the object of his writings to describe!" Or, in Byron's mind, had the knowledge of salvation modified the aspirations of genius, should we not have felt, rather the sun that illumines and warms, than the lightning, that scathes us? Religion only can correct those excesses, into which the unrestricted pursuit of knowledge is so apt to seduce its votaries. It makes learning what it should be, not a substitute for common sense, but an aid to the mind in the legitimate exercise of its powers.

Religion *enhances* the *utility* of general knowledge. It imparts to its highest power of rendering service to the best interests of mankind. The history of letters is replete with instruction on this point. How useless in their lives, and how unhonored in their deaths, have been multitudes of the gifted sons of genius, because, at the same time, they were strangers to vital piety! What a waste even of mental power has been witnessed from age to age, when it has been separated from its great natural ally, religion! A saving, experimental knowledge of the bible, is, like the sun in the system of nature, the source of light, and heat, and fertility to the mind. It diffuses its healthful influence in every department of mental cultivation. Little, comparatively, is effected for human weal by science alone. The master spirits, who have had so propitious an influence in the world, putting it on the career of improvement, have united with their intellectual pre-eminence, the higher gift of moral principle. This generates the desire for usefulness It puts the mind upon efforts for the advancement of human happiness, by adopting the professions which have this object in view; by making discoveries, that promise good to society; by replenishing the national domain of literature with immortal works; or by filling the common walks of life with labors of benevolence and mercy. Religion confers, also, in an eminent degree, the *power* of usefulness on cultivated minds. Their great, indeed their only capacity for doing extensive good, is derived from this source. There is no recommendation for plans designed to promote the benefit of society, like that supplied by religion. The consistency of religious principle, inspires respect in the breasts of every class of people. Talents win their way to favor, surely and permanently, by means of their alliance to integrity. Religious persons, aside from any other attribute that attaches to them, are invested with a peculiar power of doing good. How much more, possessing the attributes of high intelligence, will they be invested with that power! However religious people have been calumniated, and whatever infidels and scoffers may insinuate against their honesty, in particular; yet, when either individuals, or the community, need some special service of friendship, on whom has reliance been placed, but on these very abused men! It is felt, that nothing can be rusted, in the high matters affecting the well-being of immortal man, but moral principle, in alliance with intelligence.

The *enjoyment* inspired by mental cultivation, is dependent, in a great measure, on its connection with piety. The knowledge of salvation is the soul of all the gratifications connected with the general improvement of the understanding. It heightens every natural delight, derivable from this source, as religion heightens every other natural delight. It enhances even the pleasure of the senses, by the temperance with which it regulates their indulgence. How much more, then, must it increase the enjoyments conferred by the pursuit of knowledge—enjoyments, which, in themselves, are more elevated and pure, and have a higher affinity to spiritual satisfaction, than any that pertain to the appetites of the body? What class of persons are happier than christian philosophers,—men who are acquainted with the God of nature, and the God of the Bible,—whose works, in either department, are consentaneous to those of the other, and reflect light and glory upon them!—How blessed a scene is life, to these privileged men! and how supportable a trial is death, the avenue to a still better life. Persons renowned by their attainments, when these were separated from the knowledge of salvation, have felt, as they have confessed, a degree of disquiet, which their devotion to their favorite pursuits could not alleviate, even if it did not heighten that disquiet, by increasing the sensibility of their minds. Alas, for these unhappy men, when they are summoned to meet the king of terrors! Their intellectual eminence gives them scarcely any advantage over the common herd of ignorant and degraded minds. In some respects, they must have, as they will feel, a deeper occasion for alarm, than can be attached to the less enlightened subjects of God's moral government. The ill-concealed levity or indifference which characterized the death-bed of Hume; the gloomy uncertainty which Gibbon felt, in his departing moments; the horrors which overwhelmed the mind of Voltaire, in the prospect of meeting his Judge; and the remorse, and unavailing regrets, which have been experienced by other literary, irreligious men, in the same condition, may well be held up as warnings against the presumption which seeks for enjoyment in the study of the visible works of God, without loving his truth, and yielding obedience to his will. To all this, the happy life and peaceful death of christian philosophers, present a perfect contrast; and none can fail to see, in comparing the one with the other, that knowledge is infinite gain only when united with holiness.

In fine, the true knowledge of God gives a *significance to all the results* of mere intellectual exertion; and nothing short of it can secure, with unerring certainty, the eventual improvement of society. It imparts a character to all these efforts, and a character which cannot be mistaken—pure, elevated, consistent, and agreeable to the divine will. It recognizes ultimate ends, that are great and worthy of God, and his everlasting kingdom; and operating in its native purity and energy, on men of rare mental endowments and acquisitions, it stamps on their labors the seal of greatness; the effects are spread from land to land, and descend to future time, producing changes in the world of the most important kind; relieving the various forms of human wretchedness, kindling anew, or augmenting the flame of christian philanthropy, and in its results tending to the regeneration of society and the world.

A MERE EXCUSE. A gentleman, who had been active in aiding a mission by collection, was met the following day by one of different habits, who chided for the folly of which he deemed him guilty, in giving to such an object, and in such profusion. It was folly, he said, to be sending heaps of money abroad, to be spent, no one knew how, while there were so many unemployed starving poor at home.

"I will give you five dollars to the poor, if you will give an equal sum," said the Christian friend.

"I did not mean that," replied the objector; "but," continued he, "if you must go from home, why go so far? Think of the miserable poor of Ireland."

"I will give five dollars to the poor of Ireland, if you will do the same"

"I did not mean that either," was the reply.

So it is neither this nor that, which this class of objectors exactly mean, but simply to veil their covetousness by blaming the proceedings of liberal men, whom, if they could not condemn, they must for very shame, in some degree, imitate.—[Indian Adv.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

Perhaps there is no part of pastoral duties more generally neglected, and none more intimately connected with ministerial success, than that of visiting and preaching the gospel from house to house.

We speak not of those social visits, where religion is only incidentally introduced, if introduced at all, and which, from the nature of the case, cannot be frequently extended to all. We know that, except in case of sickness or affliction, many clergymen make no visits which can be strictly called pastoral, and where religion is the great topic of conversation.

When a minister of the gospel moves round amongst his people from one end of his parish to the other and never introduces religion except casually, awkwardly, and as it were by constraint, when all his conversation settles upon things temporal—he is far from preaching the gospel from house to house. He is preaching the world from house to house, making deeper and more durable impressions than he can possibly make on the Sabbath. Indeed he is utterly destroying the effect of his pulpit labors, and destroying all confidence in his sincerity in his public ministrations, giving the impression that he can talk on religion and recommend the gospel for pay, but not from inclination. "Our minister," say the world; "is paid for talking to us on serious things in the pulpit, but he is silent about them every where else. In the parlor, the counting-room, or field, in private, where he has the nearest access to us, he has nothing to say. If a man's treasure is where his heart is, and if a man out of the abundance of his heart, and when he is permitted to choose his own topics, always talks to us of the world, what shall we think of our minister? is his treasure in heaven? is his heart there—then why does not his mouth speak out of the abundance of his heart."

Preaching the gospel from house to house is as much a minister's duty, as preaching it from the pulpit. Strictly pastoral visits, where religion is the great topic of conversation, are expected from him as much as public instruction. What should we say of a physician who should make a professional visit and talk of every thing but the subject on which he was expected to speak, and finally leave without administering to the disease of his patient?

The minister who enters a family on the great subject of his mission, and finds the members assembled around him to hear in private what in a more general manner he dispenses in public, find there a seriousness, candor, interest and attention which he seldom meets in public. These conversations and prayers are greatly dreaded by the thoughtless and indifferent. Conscience is aroused, stupidity disturbed—that security which is at once the comfort and the ruin of the impenitent is so impaired, that after a little experience they dread these searching interviews, though they generally dread to make any direct effort to avoid them.

The man who can parry all the shafts of truth from the pulpit, who can calmly sit and hear without attention the most solemn exhibitions of his danger, nevertheless dreads to meet his minister in a plain conversation in private. That affectionate solicitude, that plain, honest, but bold sincerity, which kindly meets, dissipates and shames his difficulties, objections and prejudices, and pressess truth, duty, and the importance of eternal interests so strongly on his mind, disarms his opposition. He may remain resolutely resolved to wait for a more convenient season for repentance, but he is convinced of the folly, the danger, and in some degree of the wickedness of his course. In the pulpit discourses must necessarily be somewhat general; there is a tendency that they become too much so; but in private the minister has opportunity of coming nearer his hearer, of finding access to his conscience and feelings—he can use his influence to search out the secret prejudices, difficulties antipathies and excuses which are barriers in the way to his conversion. He will in general find that in the pulpit he has been shooting over the heads of the hearers; that the greater part of his topics and arguments in his public discourses are not adapted to them, have not done good to them, or even been understood by them. The corrupt heart of man fortifies itself in various ways against the gospel of Christ, but not in the ways which a mere literary man would find out in his closet. It is only that man who is familiar with the artifices by which Satan and a sinful heart blind and seduce and hold captive immortal souls, it is this man alone who can address them to effect, and actually do good to them.

The man who lives in his study, and does not come into actual and habitual conflict with the devil and old Adam, who has not learned the artifices, the sophistry and lies, in a word the whole system of theology by which they confirm men in their opposition to the influence of the gospel of Christ, this man will have little success in preaching. There will generally be in his sermons a great dearth of matter adapted to the wants of his hearers. But the preacher who has been constantly engaged in private, in combatting the darkness, ignorance, prejudices and opposition of his hearers, who has been habitually obliged to draw on the resources of Scripture and his own inward experience and self knowledge—he has amassed a fund of knowledge just such as he needs. The very sight of that large collection of people with whom he has conversed and reasonee so long would suggest a vast variety of topics, and furnish him sufficient matter at any time for an extempore address. He who has been long in the habit of spending Monday and Tuesday in faithful pastoral visits, cannot lack matter for the sermons of the approaching Sabbath. And were not the habit of faithful parochial visiting an exercise necessary to the welfare of his people, were it only a means of making an efficient and effective orator, it would be well worth his pains even on this account. [Panoplist.

LONGING FOR THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

Many a censure have I borne from men, and had my reputation assaulted, and my good name blackened with many a scandal. But when man reproached me, God has undertook my cause, and made my righteousness shine as the light, and my innocence as the noon-day; I could then pour out my soul before him, tell all my sorrows in flowing language, and feel sweet relief; but now, alas, troubles and reproaches are multiplied upon me, and he does not seem to take my part; my spirit is bound and shut up, and I am cut off from that free converse, that humble, holy intimacy which I once enjoyed with my God; I cry out of wrong; but I am not heard. I cry aloud, but there is no judgment. Will he not help me to pray? Will he not hear my groans and requests? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Yet I would seek his face still, and "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Often have I seen him in his own ordinances in the place of public worship; I have seen his power and his glory in the sanctuary; I have found him in secret corners, and my meditation of him has been exceeding sweet. In dark retirements he has smiled on my soul, and has often given me reviving light. I have found him in his works, and I have had a fairer sight in his word; I can name the places, the pleasant lines in my Bible, and say, "I have seen the face of my God here." But now the Bible itself is like a sealed book, or like a strange language which I cannot understand; I hear not the voice of my God speaking to me there; I go forward to his promises, and read what he will do for his people, but I perceive him not; backward to his past providences, or to my own experiences, and review what he has done, but there is a darkness there too: I turn to my left hand amongst his works of nature, but I do not see him, I seek him on my right hand amongst his works of grace, but still he hides himself that I cannot behold him. Verse 8, 9. "I wander in the night, and inquire after him, I watch for him more than they that watch for the morning; O that I knew where I might find him!"

And it is no wonder that I am so impatient under the painful sense of his present distance from me, and so importunate for his return: for I have known the dreadful case of utter distance from him in a state of nature and sin, and I have tasted something of the pleasure of being brought nigh by grace, and now I dread everything that looks like that old distance, that estrangement; I would fain renew those divine pleasures of a returning and a reconciled God: "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Besides, I bethink myself and say, "What shall I do without a God!" for I find all creatures utterly insufficient to relieve and help me; and I have known something of God's all-sufficiency; he has been my helper in six troubles and in seven; he is my only hope. When creatures stand aloof from me, and each of them say, "There is no help in me," whither should I go then but to my God? "O that I knew where I might find him!"

I have been so much used to live upon him, and found his divine aids and influences so necessary to my life and peace, that I sink and die at his absence. I feel within myself a sort of heavenly instinct that I want his presence, and cannot live without him. I know he stands in no need of me, for he gives to all his creatures life and breath, and being; but I need his counseis and his comforts, his strength and his love. My soul is touched with such a divine influence that it cannot rest while God withdraws, as the needle trembles and hunts after the hidden loadstone. If my God retire and hide himself, he will forgive a creature that loves him so well as to follow hard after him without ceasing, and is impatient and restless till he search him out; "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Though God is pleased to depart from me for a season, yet I cannot let go all my hope; he hides himself from my soul, yet I dare not think him an enemy, but only a concealed friend: if I could get near him even to his seat, I know I should find it a mercy-seat, though perhaps judgment may sit there too. It is a throne of grace, says a Christian, because *Jesus* is there with the blood of atonement; and having such an high-priest over the house of God, and such a new and living way of access by the blood of Christ, I will seek after him and address myself to him; I will confess mine iniquities before him, and be sorry for my sins, which may have beclouded or eclipsed my heavenly sun, and hid his face from me; I fear I have grieved his blessed Spirit, and provoked him to withdraw his kind influences of light, strength and comfort; nor will I cease grieving for his absence till he return again.

Come, O eternal Spirit, come and visit my poor dark and disconsolate soul; come and awaken all my powers to follow hard after my Father and my God. Come, invigorate my faith, and lead me to the Mediator, the blessed *Jesus;* come, open to me the promises, and let me into the covenant of his unchangeable love ratified and sealed with blood. If ever I find my God again, it is there, I know, I must find him; Christ is the only way to the Father. It is by the interest of his Son I shall get near to him, even to his seat; then will I pour out all my woes and my wants in his sight, I will order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. Will he plead against me with his great power? No, but he will put strength in me, and assist and suffer me to prevail with him.

Then, when I have found him whom my soul loveth, I will hold him fast and not let him go; I will charge all the powers and passions of my nature not to yield to one sinful practice, nor provoke him to depart; for he is my everlasting and my almighty friend.

Then, though I should have a thousand enemies set themselves against me, I would not be afraid; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for I have found my God, and my God is with me.

[WATTS.

WISE COUNSEL.—An Address of the venerable Dr. Nott, President of the Union College, New York, says:—

"I have been young, and am now old; and in review of the past, and the prospects of the future, I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would, by the help of God, from the very outset, live better. Yes, upon the very outset I would frown upon vice, I would favor virtue, and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and advance human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I lived in like the Heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I were to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning, even during that period I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of flight and fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptiles, and, having done so, bed my body with my memory in the gutter."

The life of Dr. Nott has been a daily illustration of the value of the sentiments he so handsomely expresses. He is now a patriarch of seventy-six years, and has presided over Union College for forty-five years, preserving in his old age that fire of genius and that kindliness of heart which have made him the idol of all who have enjoyed his instruction. [Ib.

'Be not Weary in Well-Doing.'

BY J. CLEMENT.

O! weary not, O! weary not
In labor well begun;
The day is short and waning fast,
Thy work will soon be done.

O! weary not, O! weary not
Until the sun declines;
There's honor gained from noble toil,
And God the work assigns.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
Though hard be thine employ;
Each sweat-drop forms within the heart
A fount of holy joy.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
For when thy task is o'er,
A home is thine of endless bliss,
Where toil is known no more.

[Knickerbocker for September.

LINNÆUS AND ISAAK WALTON.

"The florist before the fisherman," might be our motto, and indicate our theme; or, "the botanist against the complete angler." What is good for the eye as well as what is good for the mouth, may well claim the attention of man, who should not regard merely what he can get for his food. God made all things, beauty to man's eye as well as music to his ear, and it is evidently his design to render many things gratifying to these senses, as well as other things salutary and pleasing to the taste. Nor should we test all things as infants do, by their taste; but, like men in understanding, have all our senses exercised to discern what is good or evil, and to relish and to enjoy the visible and the audible, no less than the edible. Men of studious habits have been advised to unbend from severe application over fish-hooks, and to go a trouting, or eeling, or catfishing. To our apprehension, this is neither philosophical nor poetical; nor half the recreation which botanizing would be. The monotony of the operation of casting in and snatching out a hook and line, often fruitlessly—the tedium of the hour spent amid a fenny streamlet, or on its margin, inhaling its malaria, and enduring a fierce sun-beam, is not to be compared, for pleasure, to the endless variety offered by the meadows, the mountains, the fields, and the forests, with their healthful shades, cool groves, bright ever-greens, and iris-like hues, flowers of every sort, and shape, and size, and trees and shrubs, decked with daisy-like loveliness; tasselled, gemmed, garnished, and glistening—*nunc arvus formosissimus*, the most beautiful of the months just past is succeeded by one scarcely less so. Now let the votary of the cloister take a tour amid laughing meads and flowery hill-sides, and stop to take a look at the adorning thrown over them by creative wisdom and be regaled. As fresh as Eden still, the buds and blossoms, tipped with every dye, seem to say, "Behold us, behold us! ye that have eyes to see, and admire the glorious Intelligence, whose matchless beauty and skill we display; see how He has portrayed on us His lines of grace, His skill and taste ineffable. Look up, look round, look down. Here we are, above your heads, about your sides, beneath your feet. You must not fail to observe us as you pass, and then must

many beasts of burden; and that they should have the strong motive of making their homes decent and respectable, and of bettering their condition. All these motives are now working —strongly, too—in the public mind, and have begun to bear fruit.—[Frazer's Magazine.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, September 21, 1850.

HUMAN NATURE.

A leading article appeared not long since in the "Independent," under the title, "Theories of Human Nature illustrated by Crime." Its main drift was to establish and illustrate the proposition that "Birth, education, society, cultivation, wealth, honor, the most refining and ennobling influences, cannot make a man upright, cannot keep him pure. . . . Nothing can make us what we ought to be, nothing can keep us where we should be, but a divine influence." This very just and reasonable doctrine was set forth at some length, and sustained by a particular reference to the shocking crime that has lately distressed the community, and borne a mortal penalty. For another and a specific purpose, however, we marked this article, at the time it appeared, and laid it aside for future reference.

Let it be remembered that it appeared in so prominent, responsible and *representative* a journal as the recognized organ of "Congregational Orthodoxy," in the Middle States and Connecticut; a journal edited by three prominent, intelligent and well-read ministers of that form of belief,—gentlemen who are not accustomed to write what they are unwilling to abide by, nor to express an opinion for which they have not something to show. Bearing these facts in mind, the reader is requested to notice the following extract from the article in question:—

"There are two principal theories of Human Nature with respect to depravity, which are widely different, and in fact antagonistic. One is that, while all sin is voluntary, there are in the heart of man certain propensities which always lead to sin as soon as moral action begins, and which are the prompters of all after sin; that these propensities are universal, a part of every man's nature; that all men at the first yield to them, and so all men are sinners; and that the remedy for this universal depravity lies not in education, not in the refining influence of society, not in external artificial restraints, moral or legal, but in a thorough renovation of the inward character, by the truth and grace of God invigorating conscience, giving a new direction to the will, subduing passion and lust, and enthroning the law of God in the soul as the supreme and only rule of life.

The other view is, that man coming pure and innocent from the hands of his Creator needs only a proper training—the right developement of reason and conscience—to ensure the continuance of that purity and innocence; that if contaminated it must be from without; and therefore that good social, educational, and moral influences will keep him upright; and that depravity is but fitful and occasional, peculiar to those cases in which such influences are wanting."

We have given these sentences a close and careful examination. It seems to us impossible that we can have mistaken the meaning of the statement of either of the "two theories." Every phrase is intelligible; the definitions are uncommonly fair and candid to both parties; and the whole is sufficiently succinct.

Why, then, have we thrown the quotation into this prominence, and directed to it a special attention? Simply to give greater emphasis to the declaration that *we hold the doctrine conveyed in the former of the two statements*. We adopt it rather than the other. Indeed, we hold the former to be scriptural; to be accordi[illegible] of experience; to be true. The la[illegible] ed as a theory of human nature, we hold to be unscriptural, unphilosophical, and false. It is not unlikely that, if we were called upon to present *de novo* a proposition that should exactly express what we regard as the full Christian doctrine of human nature, as respects its moral constitution and liabilities, we should frame one differing in some slight particulars from the one in question. Possibly, in such a proposition, something might appear to have been taken from the essence of the last statement in the "Independent," and added to the first. But the change, we are confident, would be in appearance more than in substance. We not only prefer the one to the other as approaching more nearly to our idea, but we are satisfied with the former as it stands. We doubt whether we *could* ever differ materially from this writer in respect to the relative importance to be assigned to the work of religious instruction and the work of spiritual regeneration in bringing the child's soul to acceptance with God.

The view held by us on this subject is not new, as we have reason to believe, in our department of the Christian church. Without attempting to speak for others, however, it is enough to say that we might cite passages from our own preaching, inculcating it to the fullest extent. It is our settled conviction that there is that in human nature, speaking generically, and in every individual of the race, which, as soon as the germs begin to expand, and the soul becomes not merely potentially but actively conscious, developes into moral evil, or sin. There is no occasion here, for the fulfilment of our present purpose, to illustrate or defend this position. We are ready to do so whenever it shall seem to be required. That God should try and discipline me, by some tendencies inborn in my nature leaning to evil as soon as I begin to choose, perhaps coming down from my progenitors, tendencies which I still have the power and the light and the promise of divine assistance to curb and subdue, is to me just as credible, and just as consistent with the divine attributes, as that he *permits* iniquities to be consummated every day, which his mere omnipotence might annihilate in an instant.

It would be gratifying to be able to ignore the sectarian bearings of the subject altogether. But it cannot be disguised that in the latter theory described, the "Independent" supposes itself, and intends to be understood, as describing the doctrine of Human Nature held by Unitarians. Probably there are some persons wearing that name, who avow the belief ascribed here to the whole denomination. It is devoutly hoped by us that they are few. That belief is so far removed in our apprehension from the plain, searching and humbling teachings of the divine word, is so unevangelical, so barren of the fruits of the spirit, and so certain to leave the wants of the earnest soul unsatisfied, that we cannot contemplate any mind permanently settled in it without pain. Furthermore, it is our judgment that there is as much justice in ascribing that belief to the whole body of Unitarians, as there would be in ascribing Calvin's dogmas about the fate of deceased infants, or the terrible logical effects of the peculiar notion of Dr. Emmons, to the whole body of the "Orthodox,"—and no more.

The "Independent" will have the generosity to acquit us of any petty sectarian design in tracing out a striking and unexpected harmony between its view of a great theological question and our own,—as if we would say, "See how beautifully Unitarian this good neighbor of ours has become." It has as much right to say we are becoming Orthodox. It will appreciate our serious and unfeigned interest in a matter quite too solemn, and an issue of quite too much magnitude, to be mixed with any such unworthy considerations. Is it nothing, friends of the Christian church, that two voices, hitherto supposed to be discordant, are found to be in accord, on one of the cardinal points of theology? May nothing disturb the agreement. Is there not hope that the watchmen shall yet see eye to eye, and the morning come?

THE INFLUENCE OF AFFLICTION.

We doubt not that many are tacitly waiting for some decisive experience of an afflictive character, as a fit epoch for the formation of religious purposes, and the commencement of a religious life. They will not indeed say so in express terms; but, like the clown who waited for the river to run by, they imagine that the time will come, (and they look for it only in connection with illness, calamity or bereavement,) when the flood of earthly cares, interests, and enjoyments will be suspended, and for lack of its wonted occupation the soul will be turned inward, Godward and heavenward. A pretty extensive observation has convinced us of the utter delusiveness of such expectations. Severe affliction generally results in the rapid growth of character, but not in its change. We dread it for the indifferent and worldly, while with a pensive welcome we greet it for those sincere, yet feeble in the Christian faith and life. Its ministry is like that of the heavy spring rains, which, while they elevate the fertilizing resources of the ploughed and sown ground, beat down and cake together into a more barren obduracy the clods of the untilled field. We have witnessed in repeated instances this hardening process, and have felt that a single severe trial had stopped all the pores of a soul previously accessible to moral influence, and had consummated a death in trespasses and sins where previously the disease had not been without hopeful symptoms. There is no doubt in such cases a resolute exclusion of the voices of rebuke and warning borne in upon the soul by the Providence of God, a determined quenching of the spirit, an antagonism of the inner man against the promptings of heavenly wisdom, from which it is impossible to recover a moral position as accessible and hopeful as that maintained before. In this statement, we have given only one specification under the general law, that every form of discipline to which we are subjected under the divine government demands a prepared spirit, in order that it be not worse than profitless. The course of Providence is perfectly adapted to minister to the heirs of salvation,—if any choose to abstract themselves from that list, they do so at their own risk and forfeit.

ANDOVER THEOLOGY.

The Boston "Recorder" certainly cannot be accused, in the following extract from its account of the recent anniversaries at Andover, of flattering its own household. Respecting the doctrinal position and purposes of this "School of the prophets," we leave our readers to draw their own inferences. Of the allusion to Prof. Park's recent convention discourse, we must say it seems to us to be in bad *taste*; and of the funny remarks on Dr. Beecher's Address, that judging by other published accounts, they would appear a little flippant and ungenerous.

"In the afternoon the Middle Class [illegible] up of the answers with two or more strong proof-texts from the Bible. The venerable Dr. Beecher of Cincinnati, took an active part in the interrogatories, and enlivened the business with his witty and practical suggestions, When a student found himself sticking in a "tight place" the good Doctor would kindly pour on a little of the oil of grace; and lubricating the passage, would "with gentle force" put the rejoicing respondent through. Some of the questions were very *tough*; and some of the answers quite as much so. For instance, to a question as to native depravity, the following singularly refined and euphuistic definition, as we understood it, was given—"It consists in a disturbance of the balance of the sensitivities!" Whether this statement belonged to "the theology of the intellect," or to that "of the feelings," might be hard to say,—probably to the latter. By the way, not a syllable was said in reference to that new and already famous distinction of theologies. The topics chiefly considered were Depravity and Regeneration. As to the cast or school of theology indicated in the examination on these points, the subject is too delicate and difficult to be discussed in a passing paragraph. Suffice it to say, that there appeared to be a blending of some of those opinions of the strictest Calvinists with some of the laxest; the mixture forming an Orthodoxy of the average strength, provided the ingredients would stay mixed; which,it is to be feared, they will hardly do, except so long as they are stirred or shaken together. Is it possible to make an amalgam of physical depravity and natural ability? On the whole, the class showed high culture and effective discipline.

In the evening, after prayer by Dr. Anderson, the Annual Address before the Society of Inquiry concerning Missions, was given by Dr. E. Beecher, of Boston. As the speaker found himself near the close of the first half of the nineteenth century, he took a general review of Protestant missions during that period. The field was extensive, and the speaker occupied a considerable part of what was left of the first half of the century in his historic and comparative sketch. It was interesting and instructive, though not so much so as some of Dr. Beecher's former efforts on occasions of the kind."

CHRISTIAN NURTURE OF THE YOUNG

THE GREAT POINTS.

Parents are constantly asking, "What shall we do in order to give the minds of our children a religious direction?" Without attempting to answer this question fully, we should say in general that it is not by perpetual lecturings, nor by demanding of the child the mature character of age, nor by dwelling on every little occurrence, but by establishing certain fundamental habits of mind, in regard to fundamental principles When this is done, every thing else is likely to come of itself. There are three great points about which we should be chiefly anxious, as most deserving attention.

1. The first relates to the ideas which the child forms of God. A greater calamity cannot befal it, than to have its early notions of the Divine Being perverted, because its feeling towards God, and so its views of religion and morality will be determined by its ideas of the Divine character. Suppose that in the home (and these domestic relations are made the interpreters of those which we sustain to God) parents are hard, selfish, unaffectionate, exacting—dealing only in commands and threats and penalties, meeting their child always with coldness and frowns, showing no sympathy for his weakness, or gratification in his good efforts, the child may try to love such parents, but will not. Home will be the saddest and dreariest place in the world to him. He will be glad to escape from its climate of night and frost. He will seek his pleasures abroad, and the light will fade out of his countenance when the time comes again to enter his home. If he grows up affectionate and dutiful, it will be a moral miracle. On the other hand, if his parents are his best friends, if they are made glad by his virtues, if he trusts them and is always sure of their sympathy, if his relations with them are happy, cheerful, confiding, and of a kind to encourage and foster his good purposes, he will have to be exposed to very bad influences abroad, or he will almost certainly grow up into an affectionate, confiding and probably virtuous man.

The universe is but a larger home over which presides the Infinite Father. If the child regards God as throned ever amidst thunders and lightnings, his features clothed with frowns,—as if, constituting merely the police of the world, He employed His Omniscience only in spying out and bringing to condign punishment the sins of his creatures—an awful power, from whose hands there is no escape—what can be the real sentiments which will be awakened in the child's heart? The universe will be a terrible prison, in which there is no concealment and from which there is no outlet. His most awful idea—one which as it comes will take the light out of the eye and joy out of the heart—will be the idea of God. Religion will be not a good in itself, but a contrivance to escape the yawning gulf into which he is sliding. Such ideas fairly wrought into a child's heart of any sensibility, and unaccompanied and uncounteracted by other ideas, will go far to blight the moral life. It will make religion a service of fear, which may subdue the will, and enslave, but not win the heart.

Let the child learn to think of God as its best friend—as a Being whose goodness is as universal as the light or air, as one in whom it may entirely trust, whose commands are for its welfare, who is interested in all its struggles to do right, and who looks with condemnation only on what is bad and unjust and unkind and untrue. Let it have, not because it is for its pleasure but because it is right so to do, happy, and confiding and relying thoughts of God.

2. The second point to be specially regarded, is the duty of obeying God—not merely doing what is abstractly right, but doing it with reference to the Divine Being, as that which He commands and approves. We speak of it here, not as a duty, but in connection with the education of the religious sentiment. Its importance is seen by looking at the parental and filial relation. The love of children for parents of course depends on various causes, but among all, no one does more to determine its depth and permanence than an early habit of obedience. It is so, because this habit is one great source of disinterestedness, and because without disinterestedness these affections, so far as they are unselfish, must be dwarfed, narrowed and deadened. If the child never forms the habit of obedience when the wishes of a parent conflict with its own, it forms the opposite habit of obeying its own wishes in despite of the parent. The child that never learns to surrender its self-will to the wishes of a parent, will never have an affection for that parent strong enough to make it sacrifice its own wishes. Such a child is likely, as he grows up, to possess what is a very common but a very meagre and poor character—one in which perhaps there is amiability and good nature and generosity, if what is demanded interferes with no strong wish, or will or object of ambition, but with a heart as hard as steel the moment he is asked to surrender for the benefit of others, what [illegible] ful subjugation of self [illegible] *affections*. It is by a trusting, respectful, dutiful obedience to a wise and kind parent, that the affections are best developed. And he who has never learned this obedience, has lost almost the best privilege and opportunity of childhood.

Just so with the Divine Being. Trust and reverence and gratitude and love to God. will never exist in any strength, until we learn to surrender our self-will to His holy and just and merciful will. In the perfected character, one obeys because he loves; but the first steps which lead into the temple are by the pathway of obedience. Therefore should a child learn to obey God. Therefore should it be taught to question itself, whether its habits, its passion, its feelings and purposes are such as God would desire to see in His children; to do it, of course not as a slave before a master, but as a trusting and dutiful child to an affectionate parent. In doing this, the child will learn to surrender its self-will to the highest law and holiest love. The best sentiments of religion will be cherished and established in the heart. And above all, it will from childhood associate the practice of duty in its daily life, with the approval of God. It will be saved from the disastrous mistake of separating morals and religion, and will feel that they are as closely united as the stream and the fountain—as motive and act.

3. The third point relates to the subject of prayer. Prayer keeps alive a sense of dependence on God. It brings the child consciously into the Divine Presence as a creature of God's care and love. It connects earth and heaven, and the blessings of life with their Author. It awakens in the soul the habitual feeling, that over our daily paths and over our midnight sleep, is the care of the Infinite Father. And never can the child learn too early to look for protection and guidance and help to that Being to whom we must all look, and on whose mercy parent and child are alike dependent. The prayer of a child may be no more than a sentence, than the verse of a hymn,but if possible, let it be able never to remember the time when it did not feel that there was one Being to whom it might look up, not only as the most powerful and wise, but the most beneficent Being of the universe.

The great object in all these cases is to awaken certain sentiments, to give direction to the thoughts and to lead the child to form certain habits of act and thought for itself; so that throughout its days it may feel that it is a child of God, living under a heavenly care, and in every just and useful and truthful purpose sure of the approval and favor of God.

THE NAME JEHOVAH. A subscriber asks "Is the word Jehovah applied to any created being in the Old Testament?" We reply, There is no instance in which the appellation Jehovah, standing by itself, can be referred to any being but the Supreme Divinity; but in numerous instances, that word is incorporated, and in two or three cases associated, with others, to form a compound name for some created being.

☞ The Ninth annual meeting of the Middlesex Sunday School Society, will be held at the first Church in Lexington, (Rev. Mr. Barrett's) on the second Wednesday in October (9th day,) —of which an official notice will be given next week.

It will be perceived that this occurs on the Wednesday previous to the Autumnal Convention of our denomination at Springfield.

NEW IPSWICH CENTENNIAL.

In spite of its narrow limits, its rocky soil and its wintry climate—perhaps through them—New Hampshire is a noble State. No people know how better than its inhabitants to conduct their commemorative celebrations, and no people have more in the past that is worth commemorating. We arrived at New Ipswich just as the procession, headed by a fine band of music, was starting. Instead of going to a church, we were conducted a short distance through the fields to a beautiful glen, at whose entrance was erected the speaker's stand, while raised in the front and on the sides of the glen were seats for the audience. Not less than three or four thousand were present, and as they sat there, rank above rank of listening faces, it was one of the most striking spectacles of the kind that we ever witnessed. As the procession moved past, we thought we had never seen a finer looking race of men—tall, vigorous, erect; and it is certain that you will rarely see more of female beauty than was collected on the hill-sides. The day was a perfect one—neither warm nor cold—not a breath of air stirring—while during most of the time a thin veil of cloud floated between us and the sun. An admirable address was delivered by Dr. Gould of Boston, and this was followed by a poem of unusual merit by Mr. Batchelder of Cambridge. The exercises were long, but were listened to with unbroken interest and attention. They were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental, and it was of an excellence to maintain the high reputation of the town in this department.

From the glen we proceeded to the dinner, which was prepared under an immense tent. Here over a thousand persons sat down to tables beautifully arranged and abundantly furnished. After discussing the good fare with appetites sharpened by the clear autumn atmosphere, the rest of the day was devoted to a succession of speeches from gentlemen called out by the President. Among those who spoke were Hon Salma Hale of Keene, John Appleton of Bangor, Hon. T. Farrar, and E. H. Farrar Esq., son of the venerable Stephen Farrar, to whose long and faithful ministry New Ipswich owes a lasting debt of gratitude,—our friend Samuel Greele, Esq. who made a most capital speech, as indeed he always does, and various others, who were in the full tide of humor and eloquence and affectionate remembrances, when, much to our regret, we were obliged to leave.

From beginning to end everything seemed successful. The presiding officer, Mr. Preston, performed his difficult duties with admirable tact, and the Committee of Arrangements, whoever they were, must be endowed with a genius for putting things in order. Everything was in the right place and at the right time, nor did we observe a single infelicitous thing to mar the pleasure of the day. We are in duty bound as loyal children to maintain that no Centennial celebrations that ever were, or ever can be, could surpass those of Wilton and Peterboro'; but with this exception, we are ready with any son of New Ipswich to maintain that never was there a finer day, or more interesting or admirably conducted services, than what we have been describing.

We do not hesitate to dwell on this event, for we believe that these occasions have not merely a transient interest, but a permanent and important use. Both the strength and the welfare of a people depend very much on what we vaguely term, the sentiment of nationality. A people [illegible] kindred [illegible] h they [illegible] mbling [illegible] tory in [illegible] which is rooted in the past and bound together by the innumerable, interlacing bonds of kindred, custom, usage, law, is always strong both for action and endurance. It was this which gave Hungary power to resist so long the banded armies of Austria and Russia, which caused her children to defend the national life, ranging themselves around it like sons around a mother, repaid for all sacrifices by her honor, and ready to die in her defence. We value these centennials chiefly because they tend to this result—because they strengthen kindred ties, freshen neighborly regards, draw communities together, and make all conscious of their union and interest in the past.

On such an occasion one is reminded of the changes which have taken place in a hundred years. They are greater than are commonly supposed. There were several present dressed in the ancient costume. All the customs of life have undergone a change not less than the article of dress. Tea and coffee,a hundred years ago, were almost unused. A few pounds of cotton answered the wants of a family, while in the country, a silk dress bought at a young lady's marriage, was preserved and handed down to her children. Linen and woolen, spun and worn by our mothers' own hands, furnished nearly every article of dress. Carriages of all kinds, in the country, were almost unknown. The universal mode of travelling was on horseback,—in many cases a woman behind the man, on a pillion,—a method of riding which our fathers say was by no means disliked when they were young. Potatoes were then almost unused. A few hills in the garden supplied the wants of a family, while turnips were used in their place. In truth, the political changes wrought by the revolution were not so great, as the changes in social and domestic customs have been during the last hundred years.

As we saw those who had come home to this celebration, some of them from the extreme borders of the West, we could not but think how much they sacrificed in leaving their birth-place. We do not often consider how much we receive from the past. Every man inherits a valuable, even if it be an undivided, property. For instance, during a hundred years, how much has been invested in roads, in school-houses, academics, libraries and in other public comforts and conveniences, and in these, the poorest man has an equal property with the richest. An immense wealth has been accumulated in these immovable forms for the benefit of the present generation. A man goes to California in search of a fortune. The poorest man should remember that he leaves a fortune behind him in his native town.

We were struck by the large number of well known and honored names which date from New Ipswich. Beside those already referred to, the Appletons of Boston are natives of the place. So also was President Appleton, of Bowdoin College, and so also is John Appleton Esq., one of the first lawyers in Maine. Mr. Chickering, the world-renowned Piano-fort builder, and Mr. Wilkins, who is gaining a similar fame, are sons of New Ipswich. Champney, the artist of the Rhine, was first taught his ideas of the beautiful in nature, among these hills. President Wheeler of Burlington College was born here. Had we space, we might mention many others, who have honored their birth-place by honorable lives. Not less than forty have received a college education.

The most interesting incident of the day was the reading of a letter from the venerable Samuel Appleton of Boston. The letter itself we publish in another place. Its conclusion was entirely unexpected; and when the toast so happily introduced, and containing such a substantial evidence of regard for his native town was read, it was received with spontaneous and deafening applause. Mr. Appleton is one of those men who is constantly *doing* those benevolent and philanthropic deeds, which most persons are satisfied with *talking about*; and he does them with as much of wisdom and discrimination, as of simplicity and hearty kindness. There are many beautiful spectacles in this world which God made, but few more worthy of attention and admiration, than that of a man who has carried through a long, successful, useful, and honorable business career, a heart which has grown warmer and larger with increased means, and whose old age is devoted to the promotion of whatever relates to the welfare and happiness of society. Such a man's last years are literally his best years. He is a benefactor to the world, not merely by single acts of beneficence, but by helping to establish a high standard of liberality. We all have an interest in such men, and happy is the community which possesses them.

We left at five o'clock, having spent a delightful day. Our road lay through the pleasant town of Temple, under the eastern slope of the mountain. The lengthening shadows were already falling over it, broken by the sunshine, which was climbing towards every hill-top. We reached the summit of the mountain at sunset. Below us, a little mountain lake gleamed like tempered and polished steel. Around stretched an immense amphitheatre encircled by the distant hills, within whose vast enclosure the armies of nations might have met. In front, cutting sharp like a pyramid against the sky, towered silent and frosty the Monadnock Mountain; while behind it, the west was like a sea of molten gold, on whose soft and lustrous depths floated a few long dark islets of cloud. As we stopped to look, the shadows deepened in the valleys, the gray evening mists began to rise, the outlines of the distant hills grew darker, and the first faint twinklings of the evening star shone in between the night and the day.

DR. JUDSON.

We cannot let so great and good a man pass from the catalogue of the living without a few words of commemoration. Human history contains no more glorious records of Christian heroism, than are to be found in the narrative of the Baptist missionary transactions in Burmah. We have read over and over again, with intense and admiring interest, the story of Boardman, consciously the victim of consumption, yet toiling only with the greater earnestness as the time drew near for his departure, borne in a litter across swollen torrents and over rough mountain passes, that the closing moments of his life might not be lost for his Master's work, usurping the last energies of dissolving nature in expounding to his newly baptized converts "the way of the Lord more perfectly," his hands lifted in prayer or spread in blessing for his flock till they grew rigid in death. With no less delight and reverence have we traced the course of his young widow, who took up the cross so dear to the departed, encountered perils from which the stoutest heart, unfortified by divine grace, might shrink; "perils of waters, perils by the heathen, perils in the wilderness, perils among false brethren;" with more than manly perseverance and more than womanly tenderness bore about the message of redeeming love, and was personally the means of keeping from dispersion, and enriching in numbers and in spiritual gifts, numerous and widely scattered communities of native Christians. Nor are we ever made more sensible of the presence and influence of the divine spirit, than in the preternatural endurance and energy of the first Mrs. Judson, when, in the seat of war, alone and friendless, with a helpless babe at her bosom, she ministers to her husband and the partner of his horrible captivity, staves off the blind fury of their savage jailers, sustains in their hearts and her own the hope of deliverance, and at length becomes under God the author of their liberty and their return to their long suspended walk of missionary duty.

Dr. Judson was not only the pioneer in this holy work and the father of this devoted band, but his life spans the history of foreign missions from America. He was the writer and one of the four signers of the first appeal to the Churches in behalf of this work. He was then a theological student in Andover, and sailed for India under the auspices of the Orthodox Congregationalists of New England. On his outward voyage, he became convinced of the scriptural validity of adult baptism by immersion as the only authorized form of initiation into the Christian church; and shortly after his arrival was baptized by one of the English Baptist Missionaries. He threw himself for support on the then feeble body of American Baptists, who in their efforts to sustain and reinforce him, were led to the surest possible means of strengthening the spirit of piety and philanthrophy among themselves at home, and may date from their zeal in his behalf the dawn of their own rapid enlargement and culminating prosperity. With an iron constitution, with indomitable strength of purpose,with apostolic energy of faith and love, with devotedness as entire as ever marked a servant of Christ; he has given youth, manhood and vigorous old age to the ministry among the heathen. Two brief visits to his native country, absolutely necessitated by the condition of his health and consecrated to the furtherance of his work among the churches that sustained him, have been the only intermission to labors as abundant, hardships as severe, sufferings as intense, as have fallen to the lot of a Christian soldier since the martyrdom of St. Paul. And now he has died with his harness on, and left a name, which must be a watchword for successive ranks of the "sacramental hosts," till they have won their last victory, "and the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

Had the missionary enterprise only served to develope such characters, to bequeath such examples, to manifest in such strong and beautiful relief the full power of the gospel in and over the individual soul, this alone would have been a work and glory amply worth all that it has cost.

But we believe that it has done immeasurably more. We like not that its fruits should be measured by a numerical standard. That in its earlier stages reliable converts should be few, was no more than should have been expected. The kingdom of Christ could be built up over the waters of heathenism only on a sunken foundation. A vast amount of preliminary work was to be wrought, which could make no statistical show. The mastery of languages, which had no grammars, vocabularies or qualified teachers,was a sufficient labor for one generation. The translation of the Scriptures, without which no permanent benefit could be conferred, demanded a large apparatus of effort and of mind. It was no slight task to become so conversant with the characters,customs and religions of nations previously unknown, as to devise appropriate measures for their evangelization. Taking these things into the account, we have no reason to think lightly of the results already obtained; but on the other hand are constrained to marvel that they should have been so substantial and so satisfying. In Burmah the chief obstacles have now been removed, the dominion of old superstitions has been effectually shaken, bands of native Christians form with the missionary stations a *cordon* of religious influence belting the empire in every direction, and the laborer who first broke up the fallow ground could behold in death the fields already white for the harvest.

[Correspondence of the American Unitarian Association.]

BUFFALO, Sept. 11th, 1850.

DEAR BROTHER—I have just returned from Michigan where I have spent ten days. I will give you my impressions. I am both encouraged and saddened, as I always am when I make excursions in the West. The fields are white for the harvest,—this encourages me: but where are the laborers? They are few. This saddens me. I preached two Sundays in Detroit: my first audience was less than a hundred, my last about two hundred. The last evening some twenty gentlemen put their names upon a subscription paper, and I was told that more than six hundred dollars were promised if preaching could be had for a year. Several were ready to pay one dollar each Sabbath. Among those interested are persons of all classes; some, the most indeed, are from Unitarian Societies in the East; but not a few are new inquirers from other churches and young persons who have before been interested.

A good society can be built up in Detroit, but where is the master builder to go there? The position requires a man, with ability—with some learning—with earnest self-sacrifice, apt to preach and apt to work in season and out of season.

We hope to supply them with preaching for a time. Mr. Taggart, late of Albany, will be there the next Sabbath; then Mr. Shippen of Chicago for two or three Sabbaths, then one of the St. Louis ministers, and we hope that Mr. De Lange may be here through the winter But these plans may fail, and in behalf of our friends in Detroit, let me bespeak your interest. If you know a man who can do the work there and would go, please give him information. Much must be done to establish a society. Members are to be gathered, enlightened and confirmed: opposition to be met; prejudice to be overcome; much that cannot be helped must be borne; means obtained for current expenses, and a church to be built; and the ministers must lead in all this. The New England minister who calls quarterly upon the hearers, or perchance is called upon and receives his salary, while the well adjusted parochial mechanism moves on from year to year, knows very little about building up new communities.

While in Michigan I made a tour through several of its beautiful villages. I preached one evening at Constantine in the Methodist church. Many in that village sympathise with us,—the present governor of the State, and others of its chief citizens.

Kalamazoo, a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, is as fair as its name is euphonious: built in the "Oak opening" its aspect is singularly rural and picturesque. But Ann Arbor is the beauty of the State, the fairest of its many pretty villages. It is finely built, wears quite a city-look in the centre of business, and all around are wide clean streets, neat white houses, and a profusion of thrifty young shade trees. This is the seat of the State University. This institution is an honor to the State, and the State pays well for being honored. I think about $30,000 a year is to be the endowment. The University grounds contain about 25 acres—two fine buildings have been erected for students as large as Hollis and Houghton at Cambridge—two other similar ones are to be erected. A medical College is established and has a fine edifice. Several dwelling houses for professors are built upon the grounds. The institution is intended to be a University in regard to sects as well as regards branches of learning; its present officers and teachers are taken from various denominations. Upon such an institution in such a country may a blessing rest. There are many Unitarians in Ann Arbor, and I gave a notice to preach there, but was obliged to withdraw my appointment. Very cordially yours,

G. W. H.

[For the Register.]

Autumnal Convention of Unitarians.

Will the Editors of the Christian Register allow their paper to be the medium to offer the following propositions, for discussion and action at the coming Convention in Springfield?

A LAYMAN.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

PROPOSITIONS.

That,—The Bible—the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments—is a record of Revelations from, and dealings of, God, the Creator, to and with man.

That,—To us, "there is one God the Father, and one Lord Jesus Christ."

That,—The Lord Jesus Christ is the "*Son of God*," the Saviour of the world, and that, "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

That,—The Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient, with the blessing of God, for the "healing of the nations," as well as for the purification and salvation of individual souls.

That,—*Unbelief*, the crowning sin of the Jews, God's chosen people, is at this day the grand obstacle to the reception, dissemination and progress of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

That,—Unitarians—holding the "*Truth as it is in Jesus*," in its simplicity—from its source—his Gospel—are under obligations to the *Most High*—to their *Lord* and *Master*—"*the Author and finisher of our Faith*"—to mankind—to their own souls,—to adopt more positive, decided and earnest measures to spread the knowledge of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—its spirit and its principles.

That,—The state of society, and the times, demand of Unitarians the establishment of a *Home Missionary Society*, for the purpose of disseminating and applying a more thorough knowledge of *Christian Faith*, *Truth* and *Duty* throughout the land.

☞ The BULFINCH STREET SUNNDAY SCHOOL, will be opened on Sunday next. The repairs on the Vestry being completed there will be a religious service in the evening, at 7 o'clock. Address by the Pastor.

Notices of New Publications.

LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS. No. VIII.

The subject of this pamphlet is Jesuitism, make-believe, insincerity, the worship of God and Mammon in one. And this Mr. Carlyle exposes, denounces and hates in his own very vigorous way.

Ignatius Loyola had lived a life of pride, licentiousness and fighting; when he got his legs broken by a cannon-ball. And so he lay on a sick-bed with plenty of time to think, and plenty of things to think about. He felt, he was not and had not been right. And Mr. Carlyle says it would have been right in him to feel himself deserving of damnation.

"In fact, Christian doctrine, backed by all the human wisdom I could ever hear of of, incline me to think that Ignatius, had he been a good and brave man, should have consented, at this point, to be damned—as was clear to him that he deserved to be. Here would have been a healing solace to his conscience; one transcendent act of virtue which, it still lay with him, the worst of sinners, to do. 'To die forever, as I have deserved; let Eternal Justice triumph *so*, by means of me and my foul scandals, since otherwise it may not!' *Selbstodtung*, Annihilation of Self, justly reckoned the beginning of all virtue: here is the highest form of it, still possible to the lowest man."

But Loyola wanted to be somebody, and not to become a dead body—a nobody.

"In the depths of his despair, all Nature glooming veritable reprobation on him, and Eternal Justice whispering, '*Accept* what thou hast merited,' there rose this altogether turbid semi-artificial glare of hope upon Ignatius, 'The Virgin will save me, the Virgin has saved me!' Well and good, I say; then be quiet, and let us see some temperance and modesty in you. Far otherwise did Ignatius resolve; temperance and true modesty were not among the gifts of this precious individual the Virgin had been at the pains to save. Many plans Ignatius tried to make his *Ego* I still available on Earth, and still keep Heaven open for him. His pilgrimings and battlings, his silent sufferings and wrestlings for that object, are enormous, and reach the highest pitch of the prurient-heroic. At length, after various failures and unsatisfactory half successes, it struck him, 'Has there not lately been a sort of revolt against the Virgin, and the Holy Father who takes care of her? Certain infernal Heresiarchs in Germany and elsewhere, I am told, have risen up against the Holy Father, arguing with terrible plausibility that he is an Unholy Phantasm: he; and if so, what am I and my outlooks? A new light, presumably of Hell, has risen to that effect; which new light—why can not I vow here, and consecrate myself, to battle against, and with my whole strength endeavor to extinguish?' That was the task Ignatius fixed upon as his; and at that he has been busy, he and an immense and ever-increasing sodality of mortals, these three hundred years; and, through various fortune, they have brought it thus far. Truly to one of the most singular predicaments the affairs of mankind ever stood in before."

And so with his wanting to please God and himself at the same time, he became the founder of the order of Jesuits. Mr. Carlyle says he was the first man who ever thought of pleasing God by the help of the devil; and that the virus of this poisonous thought of his infects every man living.

Not religion only, but art and scholarship are with most men tainted with insincerity. Yet wise thinkers betake themselves to literature for usefulness far more than to the church. And indeed the highest priesthood is what is heard speaking chiefly from the printing-press.

"Undoubtedly it is in Literature, Poetry, and the other kindred Arts, where at least a certain manliness of temper, and liberty to follow truth, prevails or might prevail, that the world's chosen souls do now chiefly take refuge, and attempt what 'Worship of the Beautiful' may still be possible for them. The Poet in the Fine Arts, especially the Poet in speech, what Fichte calls the 'Scholar' or the 'Literary Man,' is defined by Fichte as the 'Priest' of these Modern Epochs—all the Priest they have. And indeed Nature herself will teach us that the man born with what we call 'genius,' which will mean, born with better and larger ununderstanding than others; the man in whom 'the inspiration of the Almighty,' given to all men, has a higher potentiality; that he, and properly he only, is the perpetual Priest of Man; ordained to the office by God himself, whether men can be so lucky as to get him ordained to it or not; nay, he does the office, too, after a sort, in this and all epochs."

In what Mr. Carlyle has to say on the abuse of the Fine Arts, there is much truth. Fine Arts perverted to Foul Arts!

"How all things hang together! Universal Jesuitism having once lodged itself in the heart, you will see it in the very finger-nails by-and-by. Calculate how far it is from Sophocles and Æschylus to Knowles and Scribe; how Homer has gradually changed into Sir Harris Nicholas; or what roads the human species must have travelled before a *Psalm of David* could become an *Opera of the Haymarket*, and men, with their divine gift of Music, instead of solemnly celebrating the highest fact, or 'singing to the praise of God,' consented to celebrate the lowest nonsense, and sing to the praise of Jenny Lind and the Gazza Ladra."

Whether Jenny Lind sings in foul operas or not, we do not know; we hope she does not; we almost think she would not. Also, if it is a long way from Æschylus to Scribe: it was a long way from Æschylus to Aristophanes. In the very age of Æschylus, there were play-goers, who went after worse things than can be frequented now as dramas—horribly and unspeakably worse. There is hope for the world yet. For whatever the theatres may be, still Nature is herself.

"My friends, across these fogs of murky twaddle and philanthropism, in spite of sad decadent 'world-trees,' with their rookeries of foul creatures—the silent stars, and all the eternal luminaries of the world, shine even now to him that has an eye. In this day as in all days, around and in every man, are voices from the gods, imperative to all, obeyed by even none, which say audibly, 'Arise, thou son of Adam, son of Time; make this thing more divine, and that thing—and thyself, of all things: and work, and sleep not; for the Night cometh wherein no man can work!' He that has an ear may still hear."

There is in this pamphlet a development of what is headed as "Pig Philosophy." But this philosophy of the stye is not altogether unknown in some kitchens and parlors, and even studies. And now and then, some words of it have been heard even from the pulpit. With pigs the universe is an immeasurable Swine's-trough; moral evil is unattainability of Pig's-wash; moral good, attainability of ditto. Somehow pigs and men get confounded together in the porcine philosophy; and things are said about pigs which only concern men, apparently. However, there are such things as human pigs, and piggish men.

"'What are Bishops?' Overseers of souls.—'What is a soul?' The thing that keeps the body alive.—'How do they oversee that?' They tie on a kind of aprons, publish charges; I believe they pray dreadfully; macerate themselves nearly dead with continual grief that they can not in the least oversee it.—'And are much honored?' By the wise very much.

"'Define the Church.' I had rather not.—'Do you believe in a Future state?' Yes, surely.—'What is it?' Heaven, so-called.—'To everybody?' I understood so; hope so! 'What is it thought to be?' Hrumph!—'No Hell, then, at all?' Hrumph!"

There are other creatures besides pigs that think and grunt, like this, in regard to the future. Possibly they may say something else from old habit, yet this is their secret thought, and this is what their lives look towards. Alas for them! for theirs is a state pretty comfortable and very perilous.

W. M.

"THE CROWN OF LIFE." By J. D. Williamson. 12 mo. Boston, sold by B. H. Greene.

We have never seen any other writings from Rev. Mr. Williamson's pen; but judging by these discourses, his mind is of a practical and earnest cast, dealing with familiar and important princip

ent honesty of purpose that conciliate the reader's regard. There are twenty-one sermons. The following sentence, taken at random from page 177, indicates the theological biases and affinities of the author; it occurs in a sermon on the text, "Take no thought for the morrow." "The truth is, the evils, and the only evils, we need fear, or labor to remove, are present with us in this world." There is much more of a similar kind in the same connection. Our readers will not be surprised, probably, when we observe that the statement quoted points to a system of religious belief which we are very far from accepting; in the efficacy of which to raise the soul to the highest attainments of the Christian life we do not believe; and all arguments in support of which, that we have ever met or imagined, are unsatisfactory alike when judged by the rules of sound reasoning and the authority of Scripture.

CANTICA LAUDIS; OR, THE AMERICAN BOOK OF CHURCH MUSIC. By Lowell Mason, and Geo. J. Webb. Boston: Tappan, Whittemore & Mason.

The two gentlemen named as editors of this new collection of Sacred Music have earned a high reputation and a grateful esteem for their long musical services to the public. This product of their conjoint labor, in a department of Art so near to their hearts, may well be supposed to comprise whatever is most valuable pertaining to the music of churches up to this time. In a preface, they refer nearly all the contents of the volume to the genius of the great masters, and announce the principles on which the pieces are adapted and "arranged." But why the Latin title, in the name of good English, common sense and the Protestant Faith? And then, why might not the glorious and touching strains of these grand composers be set to more truly poetical words, instead of being "unequally yoked together," as many of them are, with the most common-place and prosaic hymns in the language? And why should such unmeaning names be affixed to them as "Hobart," "Hewins," "Iowa," "Gleason," "Crane," "Childs," "Gwinn," Jerrod," "Goodwin," "Wellfleet," "Phuvah," "Midas," "Sears," "Gainsborough," and "Malaga," rather than the names of some simple natural objects, of agreeable associations, or even simple numerical designations? It is well the old custom of calling the time aloud through the church is subsiding, otherwise many of our respectable citizens might be startled with a summons from the choir that would impair the gravity of the Sanctuary.

MARGARET PERCIVAL IN AMERICA. A Tale. Edited by a New England Minister, A. B. Being a Sequel to Margaret Percival, edited by Rev. William Sewell, B. A. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1850.

Another religious novel, or rather a novel written with a religious purpose, and in a pure spirit. It is not even a love story, though we perhaps ought to suppress this fact for fear of damaging its sale. It is a continuation of an English tale, in a wider and more comprehensive range of religious sympathies. Young people of a simple taste and truthful temper will find it pleasant, bright, genial, and perhaps sometimes quite suggestive, reading. The scenery and characters may be more likely to interest the readers of the Register, if we tell them that the following names are familiar in it—"Boston," "Thursday Lecture," "Kavanagh," "New York," "Springfield," "Rev. Mr. Mountford," "Rev. Mr. Osgood," "Newman" and "Froude;" and that the principal personages of the narrative are represented towards the close as about starting off for Rev. Mr. Judd's "Mons Christi."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 321.

A good number, though not one of the most valuable. It contains an apparently impartial notice of Miss Beecher's book, "Truth Stronger than Fiction," condemning the principal male personage in the narrative, and vindicating the female,—from the "New York Mirror."

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Our good city has been literally crowded with visitors during the past week. The unusual number and character of the attractions which the city has lately presented, have drawn into it a crowd of strangers from all parts of New England. The streets have been literally thronged with crowds hurrying to and fro in the pursuit of business or amusement. The Mechanics' Fair, which was opened last week, has continued its exhibition during the whole of this. Evidences of Yankee skill and ingenuity in the invention of new machines, or the manufacture or improvement of old ones, may be seen there of every possible variety, from steam engines of exquisite beauty, and the highest polish, to sewing machines that will sew up a pair of pantaloons sooner than we could comfortably thread a needle. Besides the Mechanics' Fair, the Horticultural Society commenced their exhibition of fruits and flowers on last Tuesday. A temporary entrance, in the shape of an arch and ornamented with evergreens, has been erected to their hall in School street, through which crowds have daily passed to feast their eyes upon the tempting and luscious show within. We do not recollect to have witnessed a more beautiful sight of the kind. The fairest flowers and richest fruits of the season were all gathered together there, lying side by side. The fireworks, however, which were let off in honor of our National Independence on Wednesday evening, instead of the Fourth of July last, formed decidedly the most brilliant exhibition of the week. Fortunately there was no rain and the evening was in every way favorable to the show. Of course, a crowd assembled on the Common to witness the sight. Judging from the glance we had, the display of rockets and shooting stars and burning wheels and colored lights, was of the most satisfactory character. The bands of music that were playing in different parts of the Common throughout the evening formed not the least interesting parts of the exhibition.

——— In New York, Jenny Lind is still occupying a large share of public attention. The enthusiasm she has created continues unabated. Her own profits from her first concert, amounting to ten thousand dollars, she appropriated to various objects of charity in that city as, follows:

Fire Department fund,	$3,000
Musical Fund Society,	2,000
Home for the friendless	500
Society for relief of indigent females,	500
Dramatic Fund Association,	500
Home for colored and aged persons,	500
Colored Orphan Association,	500
Lying in Asylum for destitute females,	500
New York Orphan Asylum,	500
Protestant Half Orphan Asylum,	500
Roman Catholic Half Orphan Asylum,	500
Old Ladies' Asylum.	500

The new musical Hall, which is in process of erection, not merely for her accommodation, but for the purpose of musical entertainments in general, is a magnificent room. It is thus described by the New York Tribune:—

"A few days since we inspected the new Musical Hall in Mercer st. which is now far advanced. Its length on Mercer st., is near 200 feet; its entrances will be at its northern end on that street, and through a covered passage from Broadway. The lobby across this end is 100 feet by 20 in breadth, with broad double flights of staircases, leading to the level of the Concert floor. The first story is divided into a ball room, and dining room, the two occupying its whole superfices. Each of the slender pillars running down the centre of the ball room weighs one ton, and the main girders upward of fifteen tons each. The foundation walls are five feet in thickness. There will be a basement story, intended for a grand restaurant and its appliances, and still another story below that, where the kitchen, cellar, &c. will be located.

Ascending the broad stairway, we enter the Concert Hall, 160 feet by 100, and 50 feet in height. The design of this hall, the credit of which is due to Mr. A. B. Tripler, is surpassed by that of no other Musical Hall we have ever seen, either in this country or Europe. There is neither pillar nor chandelier to interrupt the view from any part of the house. The floor will seat 2,000 persons on the sofas, the first gallery 1,000, and the second gallery 800; while by arranging separate seats in the aisles and vacant parts of the gallery, a total of 5,000 persons can be comfortably accommodated.

The arrangements for lighting the Hall are on a novel and magnificent scale. Around the cornice under the ceiling, a gas pipe will be led, perforated every eight inches for a triple jet of clear flame. The stage will be lighted by five splendid chandeliers, of Bohemian crystal, at a cost of $6,000. The cushioning of the sofas alone will cost from $5,000, to $6,000, and the total cost of the Hall, exclusive of the ground it stands upon, will be about $125,000."

——— In Congress there has been an animated discussion upon the imprisonment of free colored seamen in Southern ports. The manner in which freemen from the North, if colored, are treated and their rights infringed upon at the South was ably and fearlessly exposed by Mr. Winthrop and others. Many of the Southern Senators became as usual quite excited during the discussion, and used most violent language.

Mr. Winthrop's speech presents a clear and full view of the case, and while firm and decisive in vindicating the right, is free from the violence by which the halls of Congress seem doomed to be so often disgraced. In the dignity of its tone, and in its freedom from offensive personalities, it is in striking contrast with the rude and un-Senatorial attacks made upon him by the Senators from South Carolina, and Mississippi. His answer to their assaults is conclusive, and is all the more forcible, that in dealing the heaviest blows, he never loses the courtesy of a Senator or a gentleman.

The debate is not yet terminated. The Bill for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, which passed the Senate a short time since, has also passed the House by a decisive vote of 127 to 58. Thus one important step towards freedom has been taken.

——— The news from California by the late arrivals is of the usual character. Gold is reported to be as abundant as ever, labor as scarce and the privations as great. Apprehensions are expressed that the crowds of emigrants, who are on their way across the plains to the El Dorado will encounter severe sufferings. Preparations were on foot to render them assistance and a public meeting in regard to the matter had been called by the Mayor at San Francisco. A letter from an arrived emigrant, published in the Sacramento Transcript, says:

The number now on the plains is variously estimated from 50,000 to 100,000 souls destined to this El Dorado, the one half of whom will not reach here without suffering, and one quarter without subsisting on their animals, or enduring starvation. I have seen hundreds, more than 150 miles on the other side of the Sink of Mary's river, that were out of provisions, or had but a few pounds to sustain a miserable and wretched existence, with animals that could never reach the desert by reason of the scarcity of forage.

Mary's river is six or seven feet higher than was ever known to be before; the bottoms where the only feed grows, are almost entirely under the water. From this circumstance alone, it may be possible that three-fourths of the animals now on the road must perish from hunger, and the immigrant, with his scanty fare, must foot it till life itself becomes a burden.

Those who started late will fare still worse; as the season becomes warmer, feed less and provisions shorter. I saw one man with two small boys, 120 miles beyond the sink, who had left his wagon and lost all his animals but one; and all the provision he had was three or four pound of rice; another with his wife and children, I overtook 75 miles beyond the Sink, with four horses that were just able to move with the empty wagon, the wife walking ahead in the burning sand and scorching sun, to relieve the poor laden animals that were destined never to see the Sink. I saw, on the road side, where slices had been taken out of dead horses and mules, to appease the gnawing appetites of immigrants.

———The news from Europe of the last week is not important. The submarine telegraph from England to France, whose completion we mentioned in our last paper, has been broken—worn off by the rocks on the coast of France. It would soon be repaired and made secure. In England the fugitive slave Bill, which lately passed our National Senate, was the subject of much comment and severe condemnation. The Austrian Butcher, Haynau, who was visiting London, has been mobbed by the populace. He was driven through the streets, with the cry of "down with the Austrian Butcher," sounding in his ears. Missiles of every kind were freely bestowed upon him, and it is said that the mob even proceeded to the indignity of dragging him along by his mustachios. He was with difficulty rescued by the police. The French papers bring the intelligence of the death of the celebrated writer, Honore de Balzac. He died at the age of fifty-one. He was one of the most voluminous, though perhaps not one of the most *moral* of modern French authors.

———We are glad to correct a mistake which we made last week. We made the statement on the authority of the telegraph and perhaps should have said so. It is not a fact that the United States Flag was trampled into the dust, at Charleston, South Carolina, on the reception of the news of the admission of California.

———Am min Bey, an envoy extraordinary from the Sublime Port to the United States, has arrived at New York. He is the first minister that has ever been sent to this country from the land of the Crescent. Edward La Fayette, grandson of the old Marquis, is visiting Mr. Van Rensselaer near Troy New York. G. P. R. James, the well known novelist, lately arrived in Boston. He has commenced a course of lectures on Civilization. The first of the course was given at the Masonic Temple last Wednesday evening.

A RAINY DAY. Most of our readers probably remember the severe storm of Sunday before last. It has been estimated that between the Saturday morning previous and that Sunday noon Lake Cochituate rose 20 inches, an evidence of an additional amount of water equal to 375,000,000 gallons, or 60 day's supply for the city of Boston.

The Springfield Republican, from whom we take this statement, says:

At Salem the gauge indicated over 3 inches, at Boston 5 (greater than any rain since 1834,) at West Cambridge 6 1-3, and at North Andover 7 1-2!

THE DISSOLVING VIEWS. We know that our readers will rejoice to learn that that beautiful exhibition, "Whipple's Dissolving Views," is to be re-opened in our city in a few days. In order to accomodate the multitude, Mr. Whipple has engaged the Tremont Temple for his exhibition.

CATHOLIC ADVICE TO CONVERTS TO ROMANISM. A writer in the Catholic Magazine quoted by the London Inquirer, gives the following advice to converts to Catholicism. It is a beautiful example of Gospel-like simplicity:

"Converts! to you I address myself. You are joining us in scores: clergymen, titled men, guardsmen, and Oxford men: take pity on our Catholic girls! *Instead of entering into holy orders* take unto yourselves wives of our sweet and pure Catholic maidens: let it appear that their religion is no longer a hindrance to their wedded advancement—demonstrate that it is rather a recomendation—that it ensures a *bon parti*. So will you recommend our faith to hundreds of worldly-minded parents who are repelled from us by the thought that it might mar the prospects of their daughters; so will you make hundreds of Protestant girls think how envious is the lot of a Catholic girl, who is sure of picking up a nice, sentimental, serious, loving, thoughtful-eyed husband: so will you prove Catholicism to be the best religion for husband-seeking daughters, as it has always been (so Charles II. said of it) the only religion for a gentleman: so will you not only be converts yourselves, but the cause of conversion in others."

Another writer in the same Magazine, speaking of *Church Music*, condemns that which is heard in Protestant churches as unbearable, and then adds:

"For my own part (and the *same feelings are general* on the continent where I have been,) I have no more objection to hear a piece of profane music converted to sacred purposes than I have to see a Pagan temple converted to Christian worship. I remember once at a convent in this country hearing the little girls playing on the pianoforte, during Mass, whatever they could; and among other things were the 'Blue Bells of Scotland,' and 'O dear, what can the Matter be!' and I must own that the association was not at all unpleasant to me. In Rome, at the Sti. Aposeoli, on the Feast of the Church, when Cardinal Odescalchi officiated, the whole Mass was formed of Rossini's (opera of) 'Mosè,' and a more beautiful thing I never heard. It was almost a general rule in Rome whilst I was there for the organ to play, *during the Elevation* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the air of 'Dal tuo stellato sogolio.' I remember its being done at St. Mark's in Rome when the Pope was present, and I dare say his Holiness was as delighted as I was."

PUMPING A LAKE DRY. Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the editor of the Boston Medical Surgical Journal, who is now on a visit to Europe, gives an interesting description, in his editorial correspondence from Holland, of the manner in which the lake of Haarlem is being drained by steam engines and its waters sent to the sea:—

"Six miles from Amsterdam is the inland lake of Haarlem, 21 miles long by 11 in width, which three hundred years ago was found to be perceptibly increasing by shooting its waters further and further, and covering up the land, threatening the first commercial port of the realm with destruction by flowing in upon its back. Various schemes at that remote epoch, were devised by able counsellors to stay the threatening danger. Three Dutch engineers, of acknowledged ability, proposed draining off the water, first raising it by windmills. They are entitled to remembrance, from having suggested the very plan adopted in 1849 for averting an impending calamity. Seven years since, delay being no longer safe, a canal was dug around the whole circumference of the lake, averaging 200 feet in width by 10 deep. Three monster steam engines are housed on the sides of the lake, some six or eight miles apart, each moving eight monstrous iron pumps. All the pistons are raised at once, at every revolution of the machinery, raising 15,000 gallons of water, which is emptied into the canal, whence it is hastened on by a fourth engine faster than it would otherwise move, to the Zuder Zee, and thus it reaches the sea 15 miles distant. In April, 1849, the pumps worked by three of the mightiest steam engines perhaps ever constructed, were set in motion; and up to this date, July 25th, 1850, have lowered the contents of the lake seven feet. By next April, it is anticipated that the bottom will be fairly exposed, and all the water conveyed away from this ancient basin. All this is executed at the expense of government.

LONG SUSPENDED VITALITY OF A SNAIL. A specimen of the *Helix maculosa*, or "Snail of the Desert," brought from Egypt, was placed in the collection of mollusca of the British Museum in March 1846. It there remained, fast fixed, gummed down upon the tablet, until March 1850, four entire years, without the slightest suspicion having been awakened that it was alive. It was accidentally discovered by a gentleman examining the collection, who, thinking he observed signs of life, placed it in warm water. After the lapse of ten minutes the animal began gradually to come forth from its sheil, and in a few minutes more walked along the surface of the basin in which it was placed. Up to the 24th of June it was alive and active, and partook readily of food. It is not known how long a time elapsed after it was collected in Egypt before it was placed in the Museum.

LITERARY PRIZES. The Government of Saxe-Weimar has just founded, under the title of "Institute of Goethe," an annual prize of 20,000 francs, for which the whole of literary and artistical Europe will be at liberty to compete. This perpetual prize is to be thus arranged:—1st, year, poems, romances, and theatrical works; 2nd, paintings of all kinds; 3rd, statuary; 4th, music, sacred or profane, operas or oratorios After the 4th year has expired, the same rotation is recommenced. In addition to receiving the 20,000 francs, the author will remain in possession of his work. The jury will be formed of two committees, the one at Weimar and the other at Berlin, the King of Prussia being interested in the institution. The institution will be definitely constituted at Weimar, on the 22d instant. Numerous invitations have been addressed to writers and *savans* of all countries.

ANDOVER. The Andover Theological School lately held its Commencement Exercises. An exchange paper says:

"There were nineteen graduates. Dr. E. Beecher, Rev. G. A, Calhoun and Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany gave addresses before various societies, Daniel Noyes of Boston, has been appointed Treasurer of the Institute, in place of Samuel Fletcher; Rev. Dr. Stowe, late of Cincinnati, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Literature, in the Seminary, and Rev. Seth Sweetser of Worcester has been elected to fill one of the vacancies in the Board of Trustees.

SANDWICH ISLANDS. Honolulu dates of July 24 are received by the last Pacific arrival. Affairs throughout the kingdom are prosperous.—There were 40 vessels in port at Honolulu. Government has devised many important improvements and appropriated $180,000 for the same. A new Parliament House, Court-house, and other public structures, to be built of coral stone, will be commenced immediately. The building of four wharves is contemplated. Agricultural meetings have been held for the improvement of the soil.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE SIR R. PEEL. The late Sir R. Peel has, according to the *Daily News*, "left full and specific directions in his will for the early publication of his political memoirs;" and has ordered that the profits arising from the publication shall be given to some public institution for the education of the working classes. He has confided the task to Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell. Their duty will, however, "be comparatively light, though delicate, from the admirable and orderly state in which Sir Robert has left all his papers."

SLAVES AMONG THE MORMONS. A California correspondent of the Boston Traveller says:

"It may not be generally known that quite a large number of Slaves are now to be found among the Mormons of Salt Lake, introduced into that community by Southerners who have connected themselves with those people from time to time.

The following capital letter with its efficient and weighty "toast" was addressed by Hon. Samuel Appleton of Boston, to the Committee of Invitation at the New Ipswich Centennial, and read at the dinner.

BOSTON, SEPT. 2, 1850.

To Jeremiah Smith, Thos. H. Cochran, E. M. Isaacs, Timothy Farrar, Frederick Kidder, Committee of Invitation to the Centennial Anniversary of the Settlement of New Ipswich, to be held Sept. 11, 1850.

Gentlemen.—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite note of August 19th, inviting me to be present at the Centennial Anniversary of the settlement of New Ipswich, to be held Sept. 11th, 1850.

Please to accept my best thanks for this kind invitation. I perfectly approve of the festival, and I doubt not it will be an interesting one. It will assemble together many friends, and call up many pleasant reminiscences. Such an occasion is calculated to improve the social and patriotic feelings. I sincerely wish success to this Anniversary, and I very much regret my inability to attend, on account of my advanced age, (more than fourscore and four years,) and my many infirmities. The early recollections I have of New Ipswich are very pleasant. My boyhood and youth were nearly all passed there, and I look back upon those days with much satisfaction. The first settlers of New Ipswich were very superior men. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, they believed that the only sure foundations of individual and national prosperity, were Piety and Knowledge. They acted upon this principle themselves, and endeavored to impress it upon the minds of their children.

The founders of New Ipswich Academy, in 1789, were a noble company of men. Their object in founding the institution, as expressed in the Instrument itself, was to promote Piety and Virtue and a knowledge of the Arts and Sciences. They acted in conformity with the principles of the early settlers of the town (of which they were a part.) No one would wish to see those principles departed from by their descendants. The zeal they had for education was so great that some of them even mortaged their houses and lands to raise money, with which to educate their sons and daughters. I recollect many of those men well. They are all gone, and I sincerely trust are now enjoying the rewards promised in the other world to those who endeavor to do their duty in this. For fifty-six years last past, I have not personally known much of New Ipswich. I have, however, always felt an interest in its prosperity; and I shall continue my best wishes for the well being of its inhabitants.

As a sentiment, on the present occasion, I send you the following, which I hope will meet the approbation of all present:

"The Literary Institutions of New Hampshire in general, and the Academy at New Ipswich, in particular—and to enable that Institution to assume its former standing, and to extend its future usefulness—*I, Samuel Appleton of Boston, do hereby promise to pay to the Trustees of New Ipswich Academy, for the benefit of said Academy, five thousand dollars on demand.*"

I am, Gentlemen, very respectfully your obedient, most humble servant,

SAMUEL APPLETON.

DEATH OF LOUIS PHILLIPPE. The following account of the last hours of the late Ex-King of France is taken from Wilmer & Smith, and the London Mail:—

"His Majesty King Louis Phillippe died on Monday morning, the 26th of August, at Claremont. The King had been made aware of his approaching dissolution early on the preceding day, in the presence of the Queen, and, receiving with calmness the melancholy information thus first broken to him, prepared for the final arrangements which he wished to make.

After a conversation with the Queen, he dictated with a remarkable clearness of mind, a conclusion to his memoirs in order to complete a history which illness had compelled him to suspend for more than four months.

He then caused to be summoned his chaplain, the Abbe Guelle, all his children and grandchildren who were at Claremont at the time, and in the presence of the Queen and his family he discharged every duty of religion with the most perfect Christian resignation, a stoical firmness, and a simplicity which is the real evidence of human greatness.

He then remained for some time surrounded by his family. Towards seven o'clock in the evening the debility from which the King had been suffering appeared to have passed over, and a fever came on, which continued during the night with much violence, but without disturbing the composure of mind, which never abandoned his Majesty.

He expired at 8 o'clock on Monday morning in the presence of the Queen and the following members of his family:—Their Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans, the Count de Paris, the Duke de Chartres, the Duke and Duchess de Nemours, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, the Duchess Augusta of Saxe Cobourg, and the attached attendants of the royal household.

Though the death of the ex-King had for sometime been expected, yet in the early part of the last week he had rallied sufficiently to enable him to go to the Star and Garter of Richmond on the Tuesday, and again on the Friday, previous to his death; and on Saturday he was brought out in his bed in front of Claremont house at his own earnest request, and remained nearly an hour on the lawn, apparently enjoying the warm sunshine and the delightful prospect around. At the Star and Garter every preparation had been made, under the superintendance of the Duchess of Saxe Cobourg for the reception of His Majesty and the Queen and family, which, with the aide-de-camp, relatives and visitors, made a party of 26 every day at dinner; in addition to which, there were 16 servants. Several families from London, and a number of French gentlemen, also had taken houses in the vicinity of the Star and Garter for the season, and Richmond, it was expected, would have been the scene of many gaieties and festivities for some months to come.

At Claremont a portion of the picture gallery had been partitioned off and fitted up as a chapel, where Divine service was performed daily, and at which their Majesties and the Royal family attended. This chapel is now hung entirely with black cloth from the ceiling to the ground, in the centre a dais of two steps has been placed, covered also with black cloth edged with silver, and on this the coffin containing the Royal remains has been placed; it is covered and has a large cross of silver lace in the centre. The coffin is surrounded by 22 massive silver candlesticks, and on the altar there are twelve others, and the usual requisites for the performance of the Roman Catholic form of Divine worship.

The outside coffin, which is to be of mahogany, covered with black cloth, will have a massive silver plate upon the lid with the following inscription—:

"LOUIS PHILLIPPE,
Rio des Francais,
Ne a Paris, 6th Octobre, 1773,
Mort a Claremont (comte de Surrey, Angleterre,)
Le 26th Aout, 1850."

And the Royal arms of France engraved at the top.

The time for the funeral has not yet been fixed, but the burial place will be at Weybridge, and the ceremony will be very simple and strictly private.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK. The New York Tribune states that not less than two thousand men get their living in New York by the practice of gambling, as a profession, and estimates the amount of money annually obtained by them at not less than four millions of dollars. Not more than half of this money, it is calculated, comes out of the pockets of those who nominally lose it. Clerks steal it from their employers, and those holding money in trust, for corporations, betray their trust, and an astounding defalcation in this officer and that, till then unsuspected, is the result. In view of these facts, a society has been formed which will make it a business to keep a strict watch upon all the gambling saloons of the city, and a list of their frequenters. In this way, merchants can be placed in possession of important knowledge in regard to those in their employ.

THE CABINET. ALEXANDER H. STEWART, formerly a Whig Representative in Congress from Western Virginia, has been appointed to and accepts, the Secretaryship of the Interior. This makes the Cabinet complete once more.

☞ NOTICE. The Chapel in Freeman Place.—The Society under the pastoral care of the Rev. Chandler Robbins have worshipped in this Chapel the past three Sabbaths, and the attendance has been quite full and encouraging—indicating, we believe, a prosperous and healthy commencement of their new enterprise. The pews, we learn, are to be offered for sale on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 1st. Plans of the house, with the valuation and quarterly taxes of the pews, are now preparing for distribution. A few gentlemen, friends of the Society, have obligated themselves to provide for any deficiency there may be after the sale, and purchasers of pews will be guaranteed from any assessment beyond the appraised value which they bear.
sept21 1w

☞ NOTICE. "Boston Association of Congregational Ministers".—The next meeting of this Association will take place at the residence of Rev. G. Reynolds, at Jamaica Plain, Roxbury, on Monday next, Sept 23rd.
sept21 SAM'L. B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ NOTICE.—The Middlesex North Association will meet at the house of Rev. Mr. White, in Littleton, on Wednesday, October 2d, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
sep21 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

☞ PRIVATE BOARD. Gentlemen and Ladies or families travelling, and visiting the city for a few days or weeks, will find pleasant accommodations at the house of the Publisher of this paper, No. 1 Bedford Place. may18

☞ WANTED.—Copies of the "Christian Register" of April 7th, 1849, (No. 14,) are wanted at this office. Persons who have this number to spare, will do the Publisher a kindness by forwarding them by mail, or otherwise, directed "Christian Register, Boston." aug24

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr George E. Collamore to Miss Sarah A. Cottle.

12th inst, George Bradburn, Esq. to Miss Frances S. Parker.

In New Bedford, 15th inst, Mr Leander A. Chase to Miss Ann M Smith.

In Providence, 5th inst, by Rev F. H. Hedge, Mr Charles M. Howlet to Mary A. eldest daughter of Elisha A. Lawton, Esq. of Cranston.

In Marlborough, by Rev Mr Alger, Edward H. Smith to Sarah A. Arnold.

In South Berwick, Me. 16th inst, Ichabod Goodwin, Esq. to S. Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon Wm. A. Hayes.

DEATHS.

In this city, Sept 13th, Mary H. Heywood, only child of the Rev John H. Heywood, of Louisville, Ky., 11 mos and 18 days.

14th inst, Mrs Betsy, wife of Rev. Dr. Jenks, 67 yrs.

In Charlestown, 17th inst, Mr Thomas Kettell, 90 years, the last survivor of four brothers, all of whom bore arms in the revolutionary war. At the age of fourteen he was taken prisoner by the British, when they burnt Charlestown at the battle of Bunker Hill. He afterwards served in several campaigns with the Massachusetts forces.

In Newport, 9th inst, Archibald Gracie Lawrence, son of Wm. B. Lawrence, 17 yrs.

In Fitchburg, August 19, Miss Maria Frances Bowers. Her spirit has left a beautiful memorial in the hearts of all who knew her; the reward of her virtues time had not power to give. In God it is sure and immortal.

In Methuen, 5th inst, John E. A. Sprague, son of the late Joseph Sprague, of Salem, 28 years.

In Lunenburg, Sept 14, Mr Ephraim Farmer, of Townsend, 79 years.

In Bangor, Me. 16th inst, at the residence of his brother, Frederick Hobbs, of apoplexy, Robert Gibbs Hobbs, Esq. of New Orleans, 39, a native of Weston, Mass.

In Hillsboro', Illinois, on the 1st inst, of malignant dysentery, Mrs Helen E. P. Haskell, 39 yrs, wife of A. Summer Haskell, M. D., and daughter of Doctor Parkhurst, of Petersham, Mass.

[We have received from a respected correspondent the following notice of the death of a most admirable and excellent woman. Her loss will be long and widely felt in the community and to her friends it is one which no one else can make good. And yet, much as she must be lamented, her memory will remain, a source of peace and strength, and a blessed and hallowing influence to all who knew her. We would express our sympathy for those who have been so bereaved; and our thanks to the friend who has enabled us to place in our columns this record of departed worth.]

Died in Boston, August 24, Mrs. MARIA R. C. EDES, wife of Rev. H. P. Edes.

The late Mrs. Edes was one in whom all who knew her took a deep and peculiar interest. In the death of such a woman her friends have sustained an irreparable loss; and to them there is a vacant place in their affections which can never be filled. Still there are no recollections connected with her life, her death, and her character, which, in the right view of them, are not pleasing and elevating. It is unnecessary to dwell upon those more obvious qualities of mind and heart, which rendered her an object of respect and affection to all who had the happiness to be associated with her; there were others, developed by the particular circumstances under which she was placed at different periods, the value of which can only be fully appreciated by those who have known her from childhood, and have watched how the character of the girl was gradually formed into that of the woman.

Her early position and education seemed little calculated to prepare her for a life of self-denial, struggle, trial, and almost of hardship; and yet such was her lot. None—especially those who knew how her early years had been passed—could witness, without admiration, the cheerfulness with which she met adversity;—though, indeed, her bright views of Providence would hardly permit her to consider it such; the uncomplaining patience with which she endured bodily infirmity, and under its pressure went faithfully through with duties which usually tax our physical ability to the utmost; the serenity which she manifested in affliction; and the hope and trust which filled her last hours with confidence and peace.

The truth was, little as it appeared upon the external surface of her early life, she had had that true preparation which adapts us for all conditions—that best discipline, which is necessary for all characters—which fits us either for prosperity or adversity—for sickness or for health—for an easy or a difficult lot. She was early imbued with religious principle and religious feeling. Religion was the prevailing habit of her mind. It pervaded her whole life. It was the predominating element in her character. Hence, under circumstances which might have seemed to excuse, if not to justify, a little gloom—a little discontent—a little repining—she was not only resigned and submissive, but contented and cheerful. Her life, though one of trial, often of sorrow, was upon the whole a very happy one.

There was something in its closing scenes peculiarly impressive to those who were around her. The idea of death had been long familiar to her. She had been taught, by many and repeated warnings, that her hold upon life was very frail. She was, therefore, ready to meet this event at any moment; her thoughts were accustomed to dwell upon it; upon the scenes to which it would introduce her, and the persons to whom it would restore her. When death actually approached, she at once realized it, and her mind appeared to be directly filled with thoughts, feelings and anticipations connected with the change she was about to undergo. She called by name on the friend, the sister, and the pastor, who had many years ago passed on before her, as if they had been visibly present. Delightful visions connected with their appearance seemed to fill her thoughts, as was indicated by her constant repetition of the word "beautiful—beautiful," as long as she was capable of utterance. It may be a vain imagination, but surely it is a pleasing one if it be so, that, on the confines of the two worlds, where the darkness of this mingles in with the light of that which is to come, those who were our best friends and guides here, may be standing ready to welcome us to our new existence. And who shall say that, to some, whose "faith" here is almost "sight," it may not be vouchsafed in the hour of death to perceive, dimly perhaps, but truly, the forms of those who are thus waiting to receive them. Science attributes all such occurrences to delirium, and is satisfied with the explanation; but, to those who have been long familiar with the sick and dying, there is a multitude of phenomena connected with the workings of the mind, which material causes acting within the organism do not account for, and which can only be explained by the influence of causes acting from without.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THE subscriber will re-commence his School on Tuesday, the 1st of October. One or two more boys can be accommodated in his family. He expects to give the best of his time and endeavors to his scholars. His residence is on a farm, in a healthy country town, and easy of access in all directions.

Refer to Wm. D. SWAN, Principal of Mayhew School; SAMUEL MAY, JR., Boston; Dr. ROBERT THAXTER, Dorchester; or (for further particulars) to the subscriber, at Bolton.
RICHARD S. EDES.
Bolton, Worcester Co., Aug. 16. 1i2os sept21

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CONDUCTED by the Female Medical Education Society, incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature. The fifth term will commence Nov. 6th, 1850, and continue three months. Those who desire can attend exclusively to Midwifery, with its collateral branches. Tuition, $25.—Board in the city to be had at $2 a week.
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For further particulars, address Mr. and Mrs. Mack, care of S. O. Mead, Esq., Boston. tf marc16

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber will, on MONDAY, Sept. 2d, re-open his School, at 37½ Tremont Row, for the preparation of lads for the Freshman Class, or for advanced standing in the University, or for business.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

The Unseen Traveller.

BY MRS. H. J. LEWIS

Summer breeze, why art thou hieing
Up the mountain, down the vale?—
Threading forests and descrying
Humble flowers that scent the gale?

To what distant haven tending
Is thy tireless wing outspread?
Or, thy journey never ending,
Dost thou endless circles tread?

Linger with us! we were weary,—
Ere the Spring gave beauty birth,—
Of the storm-cloud dark and dreary
And the bleak and barren earth.

How we longed for thy caressing!
How we coveted the flowers!
And thy first breath seemed a blessing
From the angel-world to ours.

Wheresoe'er the green leaves quiver,
Or the wild-bird pours his song,
By the blue and rolling river,
Dost thou journey all day long.

Sometimes at the rich man's dwelling
Thou wilt lift the curtain's fold,
Then away where grief is swelling
For the dead in church-yard cold.

Where the broad blue sea is sleeping
In the evening's purple light,
Dost thou pause, a vigil keeping
With the shadowy guards of night?

Never, never! onward pressing,
Giving and receiving still,
Laden with a warm heart's blessing,
Float away o'er mead and hill!

Deeds Not Words.

Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour, and fade.

The Lord stood with me and strengthened me.

[Lyra Apostolica.

The Step Daughter.

She is not mine, and to my heart
Perhaps she is less dear
Than those who of my life are part—
This is the sin I fear:
And ever in the dread to err,
By loving those the best,
More gentle have I been to her,
Perhaps, than all the rest.

Has any little fault occurred,
That may rebuke demand,
Ere I can speak a hasty word,
Or lift a chiding hand,
An angel's face comes flitting by,
With look so sad and mild—
A voice floats softly from the sky—
"Wouldst harm my orphan child?"
No—witness thou and all above,
I'll cherish her as mine,
Or may I lose her father's love,
A love that once was thine.

[Home Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRESENT CONDITION OF EGYPT.

FROM TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE IN A LEVANTINE FAMILY, BY BAYLE ST. JOHN.

Of the moral aspect of Egypt, Mr. St. John gives a melancholy, but not surprising, account. Strange, indeed, would it be if a country that, for thousands of years, has been bound hand and foot in the fetters of spiritual and material despotism, should exhibit a healthy, moral condition, and, of all the elements of corruption that have been at work upon it of late years, the government of Mehemet Ali has been by no means the least active. It has now been long notorious that the high character he had at one period obtained in Europe had little better foundation than the determined *puffing* of some travellers to whom he had shown personal attention, and that the boasted progress in civilization made under his rule was almost confined to some measures that tended to the security of visitors, and to the mimicry of some of the external machinery of European governments; while in his cruel treatment of the fellahs, and in his arbitrary violence towards all classes of his subjects, he equalled the worst brutalities of oriental despotism. The former have been forbidden to quit their villages to escape from the severest distress, and death made the penalty of affording them any refuge. "Not long ago," says the author, "a poor Caireen was seized, charged with having committed the inexpiable offence of hospitality, and hanged before the palace gates." He himself saw a boatful of unfortunate fellah prisoners, guilty of the crime of coming to seek for work in Alexandria, when they had been starving in their villages. "They were chained neck and neck, and their hands passed through two holes in a block of wood, which galled them excessively. Some women were stuffing in rags and cotton that the raw wounds might be spared." On one occasion, his highness, the Viceroy, indulged in a freak that was, probably, in part, the result of temporary insanity, but was not the less terrible in its effects. A meddling Frenchman had suggested the propriety of levelling some mounds of rubbish to the east of the city, in order to perfect the fortifications, and the autocrat thought this an opportunity for wreaking his resentment on the Alexandrians for having failed to manifest a sufficiently dutiful sorrow for the death of one of his children, for, "though not remarkable for his tenderness to them while living, calling them 'beasts,' 'pigs,' 'dogs,' &c., and never meeting them without a frown," he became astonishingly affectionate to them after their death, and determined that his subjects should be so too.

"A few days afterwards, his Highness sent for all the ulemas, and muftis, and beys, and effendis, and merchants, and traders of the good city of Alexandria, and when they were collected around him said:

"'Gentlemen, what does the Prophet say of idleness? Is it a sin?' They replied that it was a sin. 'Ought it not, then, to be punished?'—'Most certainly.' 'And can there be a better punishment for an idle man than to make him work?'—'No.' 'Then, by the beard of the Prophet! I will make you all work—high and low, rich and poor, young and old. You will be lazy, will you?' Then you shall work! You think I am getting old, do you? Then you shall work—pigs, beasts, dogs, and sons of dogs, that you are!"

"He now developed his plan, which was this,—For the future, on every Friday, or Mohammedan day of rest, all the *employes* of government were to go out in a body, with pickaxes and baskets, and labor at the obnoxious mounds of rubbish; and on Sunday, all the inhabitants of the city, without exception. The audience listened in silence and astonishment, and, awed by the flashing eyes and imperious aspect of his Highness, dispersed with every mark of submission."

"The original idea of the Pasha was carried out to its fullest extent. On the appointed Friday, two or three thousand people in the employ of government were driven out, to their great shame and discontent, to work; but as most of them, with the exception of the clerks in the public offices, were accustomed to exposure to the sun and an active life, their chief cause of complaint was that they were deprived of their holiday. The great day was to be the following Sunday, when Bekir and Bedr-ed-din, and the other proud merchants, in company with all the shopkeepers and tradesmen, were expected to be seen barefooted and dusty, laboring side by side. But the influence of an aristocracy, of whatever nature it may, is always great. At the eleventh hour, the very men to humble whose pride the measure was determined on, obtained permission to shroud their disgrace under the veil of night; and nearly all the Turks and wealthy people availed themselves of this mitigation of the punishment. It was a curious sight to behold this crowd of stiff-necked Muslims, many of whom had never soiled their fingers by contact with the earth, working away with the pickaxe and basket, like common laborers. True it is, that the very wealthy contrived to get off by carrying one *zembil;* but many very haughty folks were compelled to trudge like laborers.

"Between two and three o'clock on Sunday morning the great movement began to take place, and by five o'clock nearly the whole male population was without the walls. In order to prevent disturbance, and to re-assure the jealous minds of the married men, strict orders were issued that no woman should leave her house; so that the assembly took place in comparative quiet in the various squares and open spaces that stud the city. Every trade in every quarter gathered separately under the separate sheikhs—butchers, bakers, dyers, tarboosh-makers, donkey-boys, pipe-sellers, clothiers, fruit-dealers, barbers, &c. and then proceeded in the direction of the great square, which they traversed before sunrise. On emerging in the direction of the Rosetta gate, their numbers were set down by two Copts, and were found to be from thirteen to fourteen thousand, whilst nearly five thousand remained behind, consisting of those who had worked on Friday, of the Christian rayas, the Jews, the servants, and such as had been able to hide themselves away.

"The aspect presented by the city during the day was most extraordinary. Every shop was closed, and the streets were silent and deserted. At their usual posts were the street guards, who are accustomed to sit all night upon their benches, to prevent robbery, and turn back natives who attempt to go about without a lantern. Here and there a sentinel paced before some moaque or public building; but in every other respect it seemed as if a devouring pestilence had fallen upon the city. Never have I seen so striking a picture of desolation. Under the broad blaze of noon, streets and bazaars, which the day before had swarmed with an active population, were as still and deserted as if death had passed along, and breathed upon every man, woman and child on its way. Here and there, it is true, a female figure might be seen stealthily moving from doorway to doorway, to call upon a neighbor to fulfil some appointment; but these were only exceptions that served to bring out in relief the lonely aspect of the place. All the men who remained in town kept close in their houses. In no other country, perhaps, could such a spectacle have been exhibited. The princess whom Aladdin loved might have gone to her bath unveiled, without falling under the gaze of a single indiscreet eye.

"About ten o'clock I rode out of the Rosetta gate to witness the progress of the works. I found all the sand-hills covered as with a swarm of ants. The men labored in gangs, each under a leader armed with stick or kurbash. Every one was provided with a basket, in which the earth was carried from the higher ground and thrown into the hollows. A tremendous dust almost obscured the scene, in spite of the fervid rays of the sun. The heat was extremely oppressive, and great must have been the sufferings of the majority. Most of them had passed their whole lives in shops in shady streets, and taken nearly as much care to avoid the sun as we emigrants from the north. What must they have felt, then, whilst undergoing violent bodily exercise in a temperature of at least one hundred degrees. It was a painful sight to see them return home in the evening. Old men of eighty, with venerable white beards, dragged along their enfeebled limbs by the aid of the unsteady support of staggering boys, whose foaming mouths and scalded features testified how severely they had felt the heat and fatigue of that dreadful day. All seemed more or less cast down, with the exception of some vigorously constituted fellows, who strove to raise a dance, a laugh, and a run, as they returned home. It is difficult to get at absolute truth on these occasions; but three men are said to have died upon the ground; others yielded by the way; and I saw several groups of dusty Arabs crowding round some dying or fainting companion. Several, I was told, fell down in, or near the great square, vomiting blood; and in fine, an immense number were known to be sick during the following days."

The specimen of the mode in which the late Viceroy employed his power, atrocious as it was, was no further unusual than in the social rank of the oppressed parties. The same system was in constant operation with respect to the workmen in manufactories and the cultivators of the soil. They were seized and compelled to do their duty by force of blows and at a price arbitrarily fixed. "Egypt is a prison divided into many cells for the unfortunate Fellahi; and the consequence is, that with the exception of Alexandria the whole country is falling into decay. All the brick-built towns are reduced to ruins, and mud villages appear in their stead. Day by day the population diminishes by famine, disease, and emigration."

The only possible change of improvement in Mr. St. John's opinion arises from the fact, that the present Viceroy, Abbas Pasha, "is a genuine Turk and dislikes Europeans," but if this be true the case is desperate indeed. We can readily believe that European interference, such as it has been, has been most mischievous; but surely in a country where everything was dependent on the will and pleasure of a personage of the character of Mehemet Ali, it is too much to lay almost the whole blame on his European advisers, however rash and ignorant they may have been. Their interference varied the form of his tyranny, and doubtless rendered it more active, but his rule could in no case have been other than cruel and oppressive. As affairs stand at present, it seems improbable that the only hope of amelioration should lie in keeping the country out of the influence of all European ideas. If a man were suffering from the blundering attempts of a set of ignorant quacks to cure a disease of long-standing, we should hardly think that his only chance of recovery lay in keeping aloof from all medical treatment; it would rather seem that in true medical treatment, as distinguished from quackery, lay his best hope of cure. Egypt *cannot* now be kept out of the reach of European interference, and it seems, therefore, desirable that skilful and honest advisers (could such be found) should remedy the mischief caused by those of an opposite character. [London Inquirer.

EXECUTION OF HUNGARIANS.

The following description of the Execution of *thirteen* Hungarian Generals and Staff officers, by the Austrian Haynau, is quoted by the New York Courier and Inquirer from a recent English work on the late war in Hungary. It is not often that we are willing to transfer such accounts to our columns, but barbarities such as these perpetrated in the nineteenth century ought not to be ignored. After the treachery of Georgey, it appears that thirteen Generals and other officers fell into the hands of Haynau.

"Four of these heroic men met their end by day-break, the commutation of their sentence to 'powder and lead' exempting them from the anguish of witnessing the death of their companions in arms. Amongst the rest was Ernest Kiss. His brother had become insane after Georgey's treachery; his cousin had fallen, a second Leonidas, in the defence of the Rothenthrum-Pass; he himself, the richest landed proprietor in the Banat, whose hospitable castle was all the year round filled with Austrian cavaliers and officers, was on the 5th of October sentenced to death by the Austrian court-martial, on which sat many of the former partakers of his hospitality. His friends at Vienna had interceded to save his life, but in vain. He died a painful death; the Austrian soldiers who were ordered to carry the sentence into effect, and who for a whole year had faced the fire of the Hungarian artillery, trembled before their defenceless victim: three separate vollies were fired before Kiss fell—his death struggles lasted full ten minutes. The report of the firing was heard in the castle, where those officers sentenced to be hung were preparing for death. Poltenberg had been in a profound sleep, and startled, as he told the Austrian officer, by the first volley, he had jumped out of bed. The unhappy man had been dreaming that he was in face of the enemy, and heard the firing of alarm signals at his outpost,—it was the summons from the grave. At 6 o'clock in the morning the condemned officers were led to the place of execution. Old Aulich died first; he was the most advanced in years, and the court-martial seemed thus to respect the natural privilege of age. Distinguished by his zeal and efforts in the cause of his country, more than by the success which attended them, Aulich was inferior to many of his comrades in point of talent; but in uprightness and strength of character none surpassed him. Count Leiningen was the third in succession and the youngest. An opportunity had been offered him late on the preceding evening of escaping by flight: but he would not separate his fate from that of his brother-in-law, who was a prisoner in the fortress. His youth, perhaps, inspired him with a desire of giving to his elder companions in sorrow around him an example of heroic stoicism in death: and, on reaching the place of execution, he exclaimed, with melancholy humor, "They ought at least to have treated us to a breakfast!" One of the guard of soldiers compassionately handed him his wine-flask. 'Thank you, my friend,' said the young General, 'I want no wine to give me courage—bring me a glass of water.' He then wrote on his knee with a pencil the following farewell words to his brother-in-law: 'The shots which this morning laid my poor comrades low still resound in my ears, and before me hangs the body of Aulich on the gallows. In this solemn moment when I most prepare to appear before my Creator, I once more protest against the charges of cruelty at the taking of Buda, which an infamous slanderer has raised against me. On the contrary, I have on all occasions protected the Austrian prisoners. I commend to you my poor Liska and my two children. I die for a cause which always appeared to me just and holy. If in happier days my friends ever desire to avenge my death, let them reflect, that humanity is the best political wisdom. As for' * * here the hangmen interrupted him: it was time to die. Torok, Lahner, Poltenberg, Nagy Sandor, Knezich, died one after the other. Vecsey was the last; perhaps they wished, by this nine-fold aggravation of his torments, to make him suffer for the destruction caused by his cannon at Temesvar. Damianich preceded him. The usual dark color of his large features was heightened by rage and impatience. His view had never extended further than the glittering point of his heavy sabre; this was the star he had followed throughout life; but now he saw whither it had conducted him, and impatiently he exclaimed, when limping up to the gallows, 'why is it that I, who have always been foremost to face the enemy's fire, must here be the last?' The deliberate slowness of the work of butchery seemed to disconcert him more than the approach of death, which he had defied in a hundred battles. This terrible scene lasted from six until nine o'clock."

REMEMBRANCE OF PAST BENEFITS.

I called on a neighbor, who was watering an old stump of a geranium, which seemed to me to give very little promise of either green leaf or flower. "Neighbor," said I, "your labor will be lost."

"Perhaps so," said she "but I can hardly part with my old tree for all that. I cannot help calling to my mind what it has been, and how often it has made my window look cheerful with its fresh, green leaves, and its fine scarlet flowers."

This reply completely silenced me, for I thought in my heart that my neighbor was right and I was wrong. It is a good sign to remember past advantages.

I called on a friend who was giving a mouthful of oats in a sieve to an old horse, grazing in his paddock.

"You may corn your horse," said I, "as much as you will, but it is not at all likely that he will ever be able to work again."

"True," replied he, "but I have no wish to forget the work he has done for me. Many a weary day has he been my companion, carrying me safely on his back, or drawing me in my gig; and while old Dinger lives, I hope never to grudge him a mouthful of grass or corn."

"Right," thought I, "and the feeling is a creditable one, but it is not always, nor often, that a poor brute falls into such good hands. I shall think the better of you for your humanity."

I called on a relative, who was waited on by a very old servant, who made sad blunders; indeed, the old man was almost blind, and very feeble. "Old Peter's day is over," said I; "sad blunders he makes, and sad blunders he will make, for his day is gone by."

"I know it," replied my relative; "but if his day is gone by, mine is not, and while I live Peter shall have a home under the roof of the master he has so faithfully served. He has been a good servant to me, and to my father before me, and right little do I expect from him now in the way of service. Peter, I say, has served me, and it is now my turn to serve Peter."

I honored my kind hearted relative for his remembrance of services, and for his attention to an old servant. So that, to speak the truth, I got good from my neighbor, my friend and my relative.

Christian reader! are there none round about us whose infirmities we ought to bear with, whom we are neglecting, and treating with less kindness than we ourselves, if in their situation, should expect? Are there none whose past services we are forgetting or undervaluing, who have a just claim on our respect and thankfulness? Let us take this matter to heart, and give on honest reply.

And how stand we in regard to the dealings of our heavenly Father with us? Do we in the midst of his visitations remember his favors? When he takes away, do we remember what he has given? And when he hides his face, do we call to mind how often the light of his countenance has shined upon us?—" Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" Job 2; 10. Let us look back on the past; recall to mind the multitudes of our mercies, and say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psa. 103; 1, 2.—[Old Humphrey.

Japan. A late number of Littell's Living Age contains a very interesting article, from an English Review, on the "Commercial Missions to Japan." The following extracts will give a good idea of Japan and the Japanese:—

"An American writer, by no means ill informed, calculates the population of Japan at forty millions, which, taking the whole circumstances of the islands into consideration, does not seem to us an exagerated estimate. The country has been engaged in no war for more than two centuries. The people are remarkably prolific, while their industry is still greater perhaps than that of the Chinese. Ships sailing along the coast are struck by the prodigious labor expended in cultivation, the sides of the mountains being laid out in ranges of terraces, rising one above another to their very summit. The casual observer finds it difficult to understand whence is obtained the water necessary to clothe with vegetation these hanging gardens. But when it is considered that Japan consists of a cluster of islands, in a somewhat northern latitude, surrounded by the moist atmosphere of the ocean, visited perpetually by clouds, which descend at frequent intervals in torrents of rain, we shall be able to render an easy credit to the statements of those travellers who describe the highlands of Japan as abounding with springs and watercourses.

In the interior the culture of the soil, as might be expected, is carried on with still greater assiduity, and though an improved system of agriculture would enable them to reap more abundant harvests, they cannot, at all events, be accused of being wanting in energy, though their oppressive and ignorant government interferes materially with the result. To make up as far as possible for the want of foreign commerce, a brisk internal and coasting trade is perpetually carried on, though it would be very much greater and more lucrative were not the natives prevented by an absurd navigation law from making improvements in ship building. Like the Egyptians in sculpture, the Japanese shipwrights are compelled to work after an invariable pattern, but as when men cannot advance they are sure to retrograde, there seems every reason for believing that the Japanese boats and junks of the present day are inferior to those of former ages.

In one respect they may, perhaps be allowed to surpass Europeans—we mean in the assiduity with which they apply themselves to fishing. An old Greek philosopher was accustomed to say, that the sea, in his opinion, would supply food for the land, if men would but avail themselves of the gifts of Poseidon. That philosopher was probably right, and the Japanese, consciously or unconsciously, are his disciples, since they may be said to derive from the seas along their coast a very large proportion of their subsistence.

We have already alluded to the gold mines of Japan, which, if properly worked, would make it another California on a vast scale. At present the unwise laws of the country almost entirely prevent the opening off this source of wealth. In all such mines two-thirds of the produce are claimed for the emperor, though, as has been very *naively* remarked, the one third of the private proprietors generally very greatly exceeds the emperor's two-thirds. But when capital and industry have no resource but in fraud, they can display no great energy. Besides, the fear sometimes seizes on the court that the springs of gold will speedily run dry in Japan, which according to their ideas of political economy, would altogether improverish the country and ruin the state. They imagine that gold, though hidden in the earth, exercises some magic influence over the destines of a nation, and that they never can be considered poor while it is possible for them to obtain that precious metal by digging. What the wealth of the gold mines may be, cannot be ascertained at present, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that, should we succeed in opening up a trade with the islands, the people for some time to come would pay very largely for our manufactures in specie.

Superior, even in importance to the gold, is the copper of Japan, the supply of which appears to be altogether inexhaustible. In quality it is confessedly the finest in the world, and the Dutch are careful to take a large portion of it in payment for their goods. Some years ago considerable opposition was made to the attempt at opening the Japanese trade from the owners of mines in Cornwall; but a more intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of political economy would now seem to have silenced that clamor.

Silver and iron are likewise produced in abundance in several islands of this group, but of all its mineral substances none can be compared for importance with coal—it coal be indeed a mineral. The coal mines of Borneo have already conferred a double value on that part of the Archipelago, and if, beyond its utmost limits towards the northeast, we could command an inexhaustible supply of this material, it would greatly facilitate the developement of the riches of that part of the globe. It must be confessed, however, that our information respecting the Japanese coal is hitherto extremely imperfect, though there appears to be no reason at all for doubting that whatever may be its quality, it exists in great abundance in the country.

The silk of Japan has long been celebrated throughout the world, though often produced under circumstances the most discouraging. The little now exported finds its way chiefly to Java, where it is now worn by the native chiefs and the wealthy Dutch officials. Occasionally some few pieces are brought to Holland, where they are regarded rather as curiosities than as merchandise. Supposing the trade opened, the silk dressing-gowns of Japan would, no doubt, become a considerable article of export. They may, perhaps, be regarded as the most extraordinary article of dress in the world, being from an inch to an inch and a half thick, which suggests the idea of an immense weight, though in reality they feel when worn as light as a gossamar. The thickness is produced by wadding, composed of some substance so fine and delicate that like the "woven wind" of the ancients, its separate fibres are almost invisible.

We must not, in this slight sketch of Japanese exports, omit the tea, the costlier kinds of which are, on all hands, admitted to be more richly flavored than those of China. Very few specimens have for the last two hundred years appeared in the English market, and these, at the India house sales, have brought from fifty to sixty shillings a pound. In all likelihood, however, they were not by any means the finest specimens since what are called, in the island, imperial teas, are consumed almost exclusively by the princess and nobles. Strange stories are related of the means of producing this courtly beverage, and there is probably in all of them no small admixture of the fabulous; still, as they are characteristics of Japanese manners and ideas, our readers may not dislike to be presented with a sample.

The tea shrubs intended for the use of the imperial court are grown on a mountain near Mexco, that is, in the district supposed to be the most favorable in the world to the production of this article. This mountain is fenced round from vulgar intrusion by a ditch and a thick hedge, and none but those employed in the cultivation of the tea are permitted to enter. The shrubs are laid out so as to form avenues, which are daily swept, and kept scupulously clean.

In most cases, the excellence of vegetable productions is proportioned to the aridity of the soil, which occasions a diminution in quantity, while it improves the quality. Thus the olives of Attica were the most prized in antiquity, as the honey was the sweetest and most fragrant. For the same reason, it can scarcely be doubted that the superior teas of Japan are unrivalled for aroma and delicacy of flavor. It is in no way inconsistent with such an opinion that the wealthier Japanese set a high value on the finer teas from China, because all the world over, mankind are fond of variety, and especially commodities brought from a distance.

☞ The following little gem is from Dombey: "She died," said Polly, " and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground, where the trees grow."

"The cold ground!" said the child, shuddering again.

"No! the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."

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